The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 22. Vol. IV. JULY, 1893. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August, *in the* September *number.*

NOW READY.

THE "BOOKMAN" DIRECTORY

OF

BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

Copies may be had by sending six penny stamps along with coupon on last page of cover to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row, London.

NEWS NOTES.

We publish this month an article on the perennially interesting subject of "Editors and Contributors," from an editor's point of view. We shall be glad to print a paper on the same subject from a contributor's point of view, and shall select the best statement of the contributor's case that may be sent to us. Payment will of course be made for the manuscript, which must not exceed 1500 words in length. We invite the great army of literary aspirants among our readers to turn their thoughts to this subject.

Mr. 'Maarten Maartens' has been staying in London for the last week or two, and has been cordially welcomed by his literary brethren in England, among whom he enjoys a reputation altogether out of proportion to his vogue with the general public. He has been elected an honorary life member of the Authors' Club, and will be their guest at the next house dinner. Mr. 'Maartens' intends to pay a short visit to Scotland before he returns to Holland.

It is practically settled that Professor Drummond's book on the Evolution of Man will not be published for a year. The authorised outlines of his lectures which have appeared in the *British Weekly*, represent the conclusions he has reached at present, but it is understood that on some parts of the subject he wishes to have the opportunity of further reflection.

Mr. Thomas Hardy is understood to be giving himself a rest from fiction. He has been encouraged by the reception of his little sketch at Terry's Theatre, and is inclined to contemplate some unconventional dramatic work.

Messrs. Bentley have, we hear, transferred Madame Grand's 'Ideala' to Mr. Heinemann, who will issue a new edition of it immediately, uniform with the cheap edition of 'The Heavenly Twins.' When the cheap edition of the latter book will appear is not at present known. The demand for the library edition at present shows no signs of abating.

We regret to hear that Mr. Walter Besant's arrival in America had been delayed owing to the *Etruria* being put into quarantine on her arrival at New York. We trust this will not necessarily shorten Mr. Besant's stay in New England and the New England villages which he spoke of visiting. His next novel should prove of particular interest to American readers.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has consented to distribute the prizes at Dumfries Academy, where he was formerly a pupil, on the strict condition, however, that he is not to be expected to deliver a speech of any kind. He has just gone back to Scotland, where he will be busy upon his new novel.

Miss Olive Schreiner has arrived in England with the novel by which she means to sink or swim. She read a large part of it when in Africa to Mr. Joseph Thompson, the eminent explorer, whose health we are glad to say is considerably restored.

Mr. Christie Murray proposes to collect the series of autobiographical articles he has for some time past been contributing to the *St. James's Gazette*, and to publish them in volume form under the title of 'The Making of a Novelist.'

Mr. Thomas Archer, author of 'The Highway of Letters,' recently published by Cassell and Co., has been invited by the members of the Whitefriars' Club to write a volume which will deal with the ways and men of the period when the club was founded, and form a memorial or history of the Whitefriars. The book will be published by subscription (a guinea a copy), but some prominent members, including Messrs. William Black, Hall Caine, B. L. Farjeon, G. Manville Fenn, G. Henty, Ashby Sterry, Poultney Bigelow, and William Senior ("Redspinner"), have raised a guarantee fund which has already reached the substantial sum of £123. The volume promises to be one of exceptional literary attractiveness, as the Whitefriars' Club has almost as interesting a record as the Savage Club. Mr. Archer has, we

hear, been ill, but is now better, and hard at work on the book.

The thirty-sixth anniversary dinner of the Savage Club is to be held at the Hotel Metropole on Saturday, July 8th, when advantage will be taken to congratulate two old members, Sir Frederick Abel and Sir Somers Vine (the Honorary Secretary), upon the distinctions lately conferred upon them by the Queen in connection with the Imperial Institute.

The Life of Captain Burton, by his widow, will be issued immediately in two large volumes, with numerous full-page portraits, two coloured illustrations, etc., by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The price is fixed at two guineas. We have received a table of contents, which is lively enough. A few extracts may be given:—

CHAPTER XV.—RICHARD AND I MEET AGAIN.

My appeal to my mother—Unsuccessful—Richard goes to the States—News of Richard, and his subsequent return—A family council decides the matter—Our wedding—His first Consulate—A delightful London season—The fire at Grindlay's—The Indian Army brings Richard under the Reduction—He goes to West Africa.

CHAPTER XX.—DAMASCUS—RICHARD'S THIRD CONSULATE.

Richard's cordial reception—I arrive—We go to Palmyra, or Tadmor in the Desert, without an escort—Tadmor—*Jerîd*—Camp life—The environs of Damascus—Our reception-days—A remarkable woman—Richard's love for children—His notes on our wilder travels—The Tulûl el Safâ—Our home in the Anti-Lebanon—We wander with Drake and Palmer in the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon—Religious disturbances—The Pasha gives us a panther—The Druzes—The Chieftainess, El Sitt Jumblatt—We camp at the Water of Merom—And live with the Bedawi—The Wuld Ali—Explorations of unknown tracts—Rashîd Pasha's intrigue with the Druzes—I prevent Rashîd's intentions taking effect—Troubles from a self-appointed zealot—Usurers try to remove Richard.

CHAPTER XXI.—RELIGION.

The Shâzlis—Shadîlis—Sufis becoming Catholics—They are tried and condemned—And persecuted—The Protestant Converts—Richard quotes Mr. Gladstone—We are stoned at Nazareth—Letters approving Richard's conduct—His answer and remarks—He leaves—I take a night ride across country—Salih's description of Richard—Letters showing the state of Syria after Richard's recall—The interval I remained as a hostage—I leave the Anti-Lebanon—The *Wali* recalled—I get fever—Eventually reach home—And go to the Foreign Office and prepare Richard's defence—He gets an *amende*—Goes to Iceland—We become penniless—Loss of a brother—The old story of shooting people, and a newer one—The truth—General remarks on the difficulty of English officials doing their duty—Conclusion of Richard's Damascus career.

CHAPTER XVI.(VOL. II.)—WE RETURN HOME FOR THE LAST TIME.

Our last six weeks—Our last happy day—The Sword falls—He is called away—The sixty hours between death and funeral—The funeral at Trieste—The dreadful time that followed——Colonel Grant attacks Richard, for the first time, five days after his death—I answer—I am fourteen weeks settling up affairs—The beloved remains are removed to England—I leave Trieste for good, in time to meet him at Liverpool, and convey him to Mortlake—I fall ill—The mausoleum tent completed—The funeral in England—"IT's" confession.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE TWO CONTESTED POINTS BETWEEN A SMALL SECTION OF ANTAGONISTS AND MYSELF.

The two contested points between a small section of antagonists and myself—My defence about the Scented Garden—The burnt MSS.—The second bone of contention—On religion—I take my leave and say good-bye.

Lady Burton has also issued the prospectus of a forthcoming issue of a memorial edition of her husband's work, with in each instance a new preface from her pen. She says that in no case will any expurgation or omission be made, either in the text or notes. We do not understand whether Lady Burton proposes to re-issue her husband's translation of the 'Arabian Nights.' If so, various questions are pretty certain to be raised. Will the societies by whose efforts so many French translations were suppressed allow the 'Arabian Nights' to be freely circulated? Lady Burton, in the prospectus before us, does not indicate any limit to the number of copies printed. We may be mistaken in supposing that she intends to re-issue the 'Arabian Nights,' but that is certainly the impression left by her circular.

Vol. viii. of Mr. Miles's 'Poets and Poetry of the Century,' which will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson in a few days, will deal with the poets of the latter decade of the Victorian period, from Professor Dowden to Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and will include selections from the works of Mrs. Meynell, Michael Field, Madame Darmesteter; and Messrs. John Payne, Frederick Myers, Robert Bridges, Andrew Lang, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Edmund Gosse, Robert Louis Stevenson, P. B. Marston, Mrs. Graham Tomson, Norman Gale, Richard Le Gallienne, Rudyard Kipling, and others Besides an interesting notice of Philip Bourke Marston, by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the volume will contain critical articles by Mr. Herbert Warren, the late John Addington Symonds, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Ashcroft Noble, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Lionel Johnson, and Mr. Arthur Symons. Vols. ix. and x. will be devoted to humorous and sacred verse respectively.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of 'Timothy's Quest,' which has achieved an enormous sale in America (upwards of 60,000, we understand) and a considerable sale in this country, is at present in London with Mrs. Chandler Moulton. Messrs. Gay and Bird have just published a new volume of Mrs. Wiggin's, entitled 'A Cathedral Courtship' and 'Penelope's English Experiences.' The two stories are humorous, and both deal with the experiences of Americans in England.

At the last election for the Athenæum Club, an eminent actor, who has been on the books for seventeen years, was blackballed, notwithstanding the efforts of many members. A still more eminent actor, who was elected a member by the committee, worked hard for his friend, but in vain. When told that the schoolmasters and bishops did it, he replied, "Well, there's no class that cadges for orders like the bishops and schoolmasters." An art critic, formerly very active and outspoken, was also rejected. Some artists in the Club who had suffered from him in the past, heaped coals of fire upon his head. Others did not.

It is not generally known that Mr. Robert Bridges, the poet (who, by-the-bye, is the son-in-law of Mr. Waterhouse, the eminent painter), was, like Dr. Doyle, formerly a doctor, and held an appointment at a hospital. He only retired from the profession when his health gave way, and is now living in comparative seclusion in Berkshire. We hear that an opportunity will in due time be given the public of seeing Mr. Bridges' plays upon the stage.

Our esteemed contributor, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, has brought his great Bibliography of Ruskin to a close by the issue of the eighteenth part. Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, and subscribers for the whole were obtained within one month from the date of issue of the prospectus. It was at first estimated that eight parts of thirty-two pages each would suffice, but the eight parts have

increased to eighteen, some of them containing thirty-six, and some even forty pages.

For the purposes of the bibliography the compilers have seen and examined every edition of every work described therein. No conceivable source of information, likely or unlikely, has been neglected. The exact date of publication and number of copies printed of nearly every edition has been furnished. The subscribers have co-operated in the compilation of the minor Ruskiniana. The large scrap-book filled with cuttings from newspapers, extending from 1835 to 1864, made by Mr. Ruskin's father, has been of particular use. Mr. Wedderburn, the editor of 'Arrows of the Chace,' etc., placed his fine Ruskin library at the service of the compilers, and rendered great assistance by reading proofs of each part and offering valuable suggestions.

It has been suggested that a supplement consisting of a series of illustrations might be acceptable, and this will be issued if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained. The proposed illustrations will consist of cuts representing the scarcer of the first and other interesting editions of Mr. Ruskin's books, reproductions of the designs upon the bindings of the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and other works, *fac-similes* of Mr. Ruskin's manuscripts, and other items of interest. The number of copies printed will be limited to the number subscribed for. In any case the price will not exceed ten shillings, and if any considerable number of subscribers support the undertaking it will not be more than five shillings. We hope this will also be successfully carried through, and the crown thus put upon one of the most meritorious undertakings of the kind. Perhaps it may not be too much to say that the Ruskin Bibliography is the best in the English language.

We published recently a series of extracts from the first of two volumes of Mr. Ruskin's letters to William Ward, which have recently been printed for private circulation in an edition of forty copies. The second of these volumes is now before us, and we are permitted to make a few extracts. It consists mainly of instructions to Ward about his drawings, but some passages are of general interest. The references to Meissonier and Titian make the following letter, dated August 9th, 1870, important:—

MY DEAR WARD,

I don't want *any* of these leaves painted. You are to work on them for practice, doing one or two over and over again—fifty times, if needful.

Of course *all* painting—oil—water—fresco—and everything, is done at *one* coup, when it is right. But certain processes of colour require laying of two or three different colours over each other; *then* the under one must dry first, etc., etc., etc. All this mechanism you have to learn, but the French know hardly anything about it.

Of course Meissonier paints at a blow; and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian also paints at a blow—but *his* work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier with none; and Titian with a sense of true hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of colour than a common stainer of photographs.

But learn of *anybody* how to do what *they* do,—it will always be useful.

Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

For twenty years, from 1854 to 1874, Mr. Ward worked at his Turner studies, and at length attained such a degree of success that Mr. Ruskin wrote him as follows:—

HERNE HILL, LONDON, S.E.
May 17th, 1882.

MY DEAR WARD,

In enclosing you cheque for the very moderate charge on *Bridge of Meulan*,* let me very fully congratulate you on the extreme skill you have now acquired in rendering Turner's best and most finished water-colour work. Your large copy of my *Fluelen*† achieved what I had thought impossible in the facsimile of his clearest and purest washes of broad colour: and the drawing of *More Park*,‡ on which I saw you yesterday engaged, was—so far as you have carried it—perfection itself in the seizure of the most subtle results of Turner's elaborate and almost microscopic execution, in that and its contemporary drawings.

I am therefore happy in putting it in your power to produce a facsimile of Turner's mighty drawing of the *Coblentz*;§ and I sincerely trust that your laboriously acquired skill, and unflinching fidelity, may be at last acknowledged, and justly rewarded.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

One more letter may be given in proof of Mr. Ruskin's readiness to give assistance whenever there was the least probability of such assistance being turned to account. It is dated July 5th, 1884:—

DEAR WARD,

I am greatly pleased with this drawing of the Portico. Let me know your full price for it to a stranger, and I will give it to you with pleasure.

Be so good as to spare half an hour to a girl who has some blundering gift which may be useful to her in china painting, if you explain to her the frightful coarseness of her Turner—so called—copies. I have told her she may write to you to make an appointment; but very probably she won't, as I have sent her a letter as sharp as she deserves—at least I have sent it to her brother—perhaps he won't read it to her.

Yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

Although these letters contain nothing of any bibliographical importance, they throw a side light upon one portion of Mr. Ruskin's labours, and were certainly worthy of preparation. We understand that these volumes will be followed shortly by another, dealing exclusively with theological questions.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. are about to publish a new translation of Dante's Inferno, by Mr. George Musgrave. The translation is unique in being the only one yet attempted in the Spenserian metre, a metre which appears to the author to be peculiarly adapted for the purpose, inasmuch as Dante's ideas are, for the most part, divided up into periods of nine lines, and the Spenserian metre gives some echo of the ring and the beautifully interlinked rhyme sounds of Dante's own metre.

'After the Revolution, and other Holiday Fantasies,' is the title of a special volume for the holiday season, which Messrs. Wm. Hodge and Co. are just about to publish. The volume is from the pen of Mr. Wm. Wallace, and consists of a number of humorous sketches and stories, dealing with various characteristics and eccentricities of life and literature in the present day. The sketches have been appearing during the past few years in the columns of the leading newspaper in the West of Scotland, and have attracted much attention.

* *Bridge of Meulan*—engraved by J. Cousin for Turner's *Annual Tour*, 1835. The original drawing is in the National Gallery.

† *Fluelen*—See No. 70 in *Notes on Turner Drawings* (No. 225 in *The Bibliography of Ruskin*, 1893). The original sketch is in the National Gallery.

‡ *More Park*—engraved by Charles Turner for *River Scenery by Turner and Girtin*. The original drawing is in the National Gallery.

§ *Coblentz*—See No. 62 in *Notes on Turner Drawings* (No. 225 in *The Bibliography of Ruskin*, 1893). The finished drawing, which Mr. Ward copied, is in the possession of Mr. Ruskin; Turner's original sketch for the drawing is in the National Gallery.

Mr. F. W. Robinson, the popular novelist and editor of *Home Chimes*, in which nearly all Mr. Jerome's and some of Mr. Barrie's early work appeared, has been seriously ill with gout and abscess in the throat. We are, however, glad to say that Mr. Robinson is now mending, and hopes soon to be at work again.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's 'Novel Notes' is now definitely arranged for publication in July by Messrs. Field and Tuer, who published his 'On and Off the Stage' and 'Idle Thoughts.' The former volume is, by the way, an illustration of the fact that the best advertisement an author's early work can have is the publication of a new book. When 'Idle Thoughts' appeared, 'On and Off the Stage' had been out some time as a shilling paper-cover volume, and had not gone into a second edition. The success of 'Idle Thoughts' and 'Three Men and a Boat,' however, gave it an entirely new start, and now it is in a seventeenth edition, and a library illustrated edition has also done very well.

Mr. J. E. Muddock's attainment in June of his fiftieth year was marked by a presentation to him by some of his literary friends and colleagues, who wished to show their appreciation of his merits and his spirit of good fellowship. Mr. R. Galloway Fraser, the editor of *Tit-Bits*, was one of the originators of the testimonial. Mr. Muddock is best known as "Dick Donovan," the author of many detective stories.

The Christmas number of the *Lady's Pictorial* will consist of a complete story from the pen of Miss Braddon. It is entitled 'The Christmas Hirelings.'

Miss Ada Cambridge has written some short stories, which will first see the light in the columns of the *Leisure Hour*.

Sir Robert Ball has written a series of articles on astronomical subjects for publication in the *Melbourne Argus*. The titles are—"The Great Voyage of our System," "Whence Come the Meteorites?" "Latest News about the Sun."

The portrait of Madame Sarah Grand, in the present number, is from a photograph by Mr. Birtles, Warrington; that of Mr. Bernard Quaritch from a photograph by Mr. Mayall, Regent Street.

Miss Annie S. Swan has, we hear, made an arrangement with Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. by which they will publish her new stories in volume form for some years to come. The first of her books to appear with their imprint will be a shilling volume, entitled 'Homespun,' to be issued at the beginning of the month.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are about to issue a new edition of 'Money and Monetary Problems,' by Professor J. S. Nicholson.

Journalists. We hear that all the copies of *McClure's Magazine* which were sent to England have been sold completely out, and that the very large American issue was also entirely exhausted.

We regret to learn that a crisis has occurred in the affairs of one of the weekly illustrated newspapers. A meeting of the shareholders has been summoned, at which a proposal will be submitted for the removal of the editor. The paper, we believe, not long ago had reached paying point, but whether from the severity of the competition that followed or from some other cause, ground seems to have been lost since then. The newest of the illustrated papers is understood to be already a financial success.

We have good authority for saying that four-fifths of the jokes accepted by *Punch* from outside contributors are sent by Scotchmen. This may or may not be held to dispose of Sydney Smith's famous dictum.

American. A new writer of short stories, concerning whom great things are prophesied by two or three leading critics, has made her appearance in America. Her name is Anna Eichberg King, and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, will publish almost immediately a volume by her entitled 'Brown's Retreat, and other Stories.'

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is to write another serial story for Messrs. Harper. 'Jane Field' was by no means successful, and this fresh experiment will show whether Miss Wilkins should not confine herself to the short stories of New England life in which she has done such admirable work. We believe that no arrangements for the publication of the story in England have been made as yet.

Miss Wilkins' play of 'Giles Corey,' which was produced at the Theatre of Arts and Letters, is said by several competent critics to be the most impressive and important dramatic performance which has been seen in America this year. The Theatre of Arts and Letters holds the same place in the American drama which the Independent Theatre holds here, we believe; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Grein will give English playgoers and admirers of Miss Wilkins' genius an opportunity of seeing her play.

Mrs. Deland has recently completed the MS. of a new novel, entitled 'Philip and his Wife.'

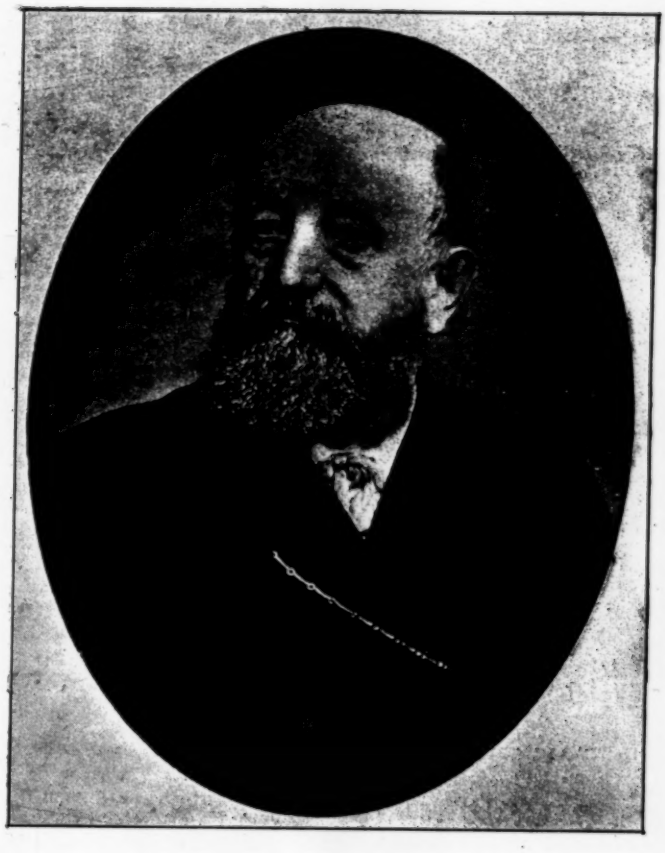
"Charles Egbert Craddock" will commence a new serial, entitled 'His Vanished Star,' in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

RECENT BOOK SALES.

EDITED BY THOMAS J. WISE.

The great feature of the sales of the past month has been the dispersal of the famous Bateman Library, which realised a total of £7,296 3s. 6d. This collection was rich in early printed books and manuscripts of a class that is fast being absorbed into the great public libraries of Europe and America, and it is doubtful if such a magnificent series of works, dating from the tenth century and upwards, will ever again occur for sale. As was naturally to be expected a very large proportion of the books were more or less imperfect, and consequently were sold "with all faults"; but despite

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, *July*, 1893.



Bernard Quaritch
born April 23, 1819 at Worbis
Prussia.

this drawback, the prices obtained may be considered as highly satisfactory.

On June 7th, and three following days, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold a miscellaneous collection of books, among which were the following items of interest:—

Ruskin, J., King of the Golden River, second edition, illustrated by R. Doyle, in the original fancy boards, g.e. 1851.
[In this copy the word "Stiria" on the printed title is spelt "Styria," and the same word on the engraved title bears evidence of the arm of the "Y" having been cut away. Only two other copies of this variety of the second edition are known. £1 10s.]

La Fontaine, J. de, Fables Choisies, mises en Vers, beautiful vignettes by Chauveau, first edition, fine tall copy (measuring 9¾ by 7½ inches, or 240 by 180 mill.) crimson morocco extra, broad inside joints, sides tooled, with delicate scroll work in the Grolier style, g.e. 4to. Paris, chez D. Thierry, 1668. £19 15s.
[A copy was sold in the same rooms in June, 1892, for £62.]

Shakespeare, W., Works, edited by H. Staunton, edition de luxe, 15 vol., 800 woodcuts after Sir J. Gilbert, proofs on China paper, and further extra illustrated by the insertion of 338 plates, comprising a series of highly finished illustrations by Adams, Hofmann, and others, engraved by Bankel, Goldberg, Raab, and Schmidt; about 40 humorous etchings of Shakespeare's Heroines, etc., by Kenny Meadows; others by Singleton, Spiess, Sargent, Wright, etc., engraved by Godfrey, Taylor, Woods, and others; also a series of original drawings, some coloured; morocco extra, uncut, t.e.g. 1881. £14.
[The illustrations were poor, and of an ordinary character, hence the low price obtained for the volumes.]

Swinburne, A. C., Atalanta in Calydon, first edition, original cloth, uncut. 1865. £5.
[A clean copy inside, but the white cloth covers considerably soiled.]

Byron (Lord). Poems on Various Occasions. Newark, 1807.
[This is the first edition of Lord Byron's poems in 8vo, and was privately printed to replace an earlier issue in 4to, of which only three copies have survived. Many of the poems contained in the present edition were cancelled, and the remainder (with some additions) published in the same year under the title of 'Hours of Idleness'; the cancelled poems have never been reprinted, hence the great interest attaching to the book. The last copy in boards realised £63, and one which bore traces of having been in the poet's hands was recently sold for £100. The present copy was in poor condition, and much cut down; still it was a decided bargain at the price of £11, for which it was sold. Colonel Philips's copy, also cut down, brought £46.]

The sale of the Bateman Library, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, occupied six days, from the 25th to 31st May. The following are the principal lots:—

Bewick (T.). History of British Birds, with both Supplements, 2 vol., first edition, portrait added, Newcastle, 1797-1804-21. General History of Quadrupeds, ib. 1807. Fables of Æsop, and others, first edition, ib. 1818. Select Fables, ib. 1820, large paper copies except the last, numerous beautiful woodcuts, uniform, russia, 5 vol. £12.

Booke of Christian Prayers (Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Booke), black letter, woodcut portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and woodcut borders from the designs of A. Durer, etc. Second edition, portrait added, morocco, g.e., excessively rare. Iohn Daye, 1578. £15 15s.

Alcock (Bp. J.). Exhortacyon made to Relygyouse Systers in the Time of theyr Consecration, black letter, commences on Aii, and therefore sold with all faults. Blue morocco, gilt edges. Wynkyn de Worde, n.d. £11 5s.

Alcock (Bp. J.). Mons Perfectionis, black letter, woodcuts, wants title, portrait added, blue morocco, gilt edges. Wynkyn de Worde, 1497. £22.
[No copy of this book is to be found in any public library. A question arose as to the correct collation, and it was accordingly sold with all faults.]

Ambrosius (S.) de Virginitate, manuscript on vellum, portrait of St. Ambrose added, old calf; Sec. xii. £4 17s. 6d.

Aristotelis Ethica. Græce, manuscript on vellum, very distinctly written, vellum; Sæc. xvi. £9 15s.

Ars moriendi. Fourteen curious woodcuts with xylographic inscriptions, half bound, with Prussian Royal Arms in gold on front cover, s.l. and a. sed Coloniæ, H. Quentell, circa 1460. [Reprint.] £5 12s. 6d.

Baines (E.). History of the County Palatine of Lancaster, 4 vol. in 14 parts, large paper, india proof portraits, plans, views, plates, and pedigrees, uncut, 1831-36. £4 15s.

Bateman (Stephen). Travayled Pylgrime, bringing Newes from all Partes of the Worlde (in Verse), black letter, 20 woodcuts, cut in headlines, slightly imperfect, and sold with all faults. Green morocco, gilt edges. Anno Domini, 1569. £6 2s. 6d.
[Excessively rare. Cleaver Bankes's copy, which sold in April, 1821, for £29 18s. 6d., was resold in Perry's sale for £26 15s. 6d. Ritson supposed there were not more than 4 or 5 copies in existence.]

Bateman (S.). Travayled Pylgrime (in Verse), black letter, woodcuts, several leaves damaged and mended, 1569. Christall Glasse of Christian Reformation, black letter, woodcuts, MS. title and sig. Hi deficient, sold with all faults, 1569, blue morocco, gilt edges, in one vol. £4.

Bateman. Antiquarian and General Correspondence of William and Thomas Bateman, comprising several thousand letters, 1801-1859, half bound, in 15 vol. £9.

Bedæ Venerabilis Expositio super Paribolas Salemonis et in Librum Beati Patris Tobiæ, manuscript on vellum, with Index on paper added in 1477, and engraved portrait of Bede, oak boards covered in leather, with clasp; Sæc. xi. £21.

American Indians. A collection of 57 Original Sketches and Drawings of the Costumes, etc., of the Mohawk and other Tribes of Indians, with Portrait of Joseph Brands, a celebrated Mohawk Chief, Indian War Cap, Indian Pottery, etc.; some plates coloured. £8 5s.

Angas (G. F.). The New Zealanders Illustrated, 60 coloured plates, half morocco, gilt edges, 1847, £15.

Antiphonarium, manuscript on vellum, with music, 40 large and 72 small painted initials, half calf, Sæc. xv. £10 10s.

Aristoteles de Historia Animalium Interprete Theodoro Gaza, bordered initial, coat of arms and capital letters illuminated in gold and colours, vellum; Venetiis, Jo. de Colonia et J. Manthen, 1476. £3 3s.

Augustini (Sancti) Sermones de Ascensione Domini, etc., et B. Leonis Papæ Sermones in Pentecoste et de Die Secundo Pentecostes, etc., manuscript on vellum, calf gilt by Winstanley; Sæc. x.-xi. £14 10s.

Augustini (Sancti) Tractatus super novissimos quinquaginta Psalmos, manuscript on vellum, with ornamental capitals, calf extra, gilt edges, old style; Sæc. xiv. £26 10s.

Augustini (Sancti) Commentarius in Psalmos, border and 12 initial letters, 2 historiated with portraits, illuminated in gold and colours, half russia; Sæc. xv. £5 10s.

Augustinus de Arte Predicandi, fine copy in red morocco; s.l. and a. sed Moguntiæ, J. Fust, circa 1460. £34.
[Although without place, date, or printer, the Prologue indicates that the printing was consigned "Discreto Viro Johanni Fust Incolæ Maguntiensi impressoriæ artis magistro."

Baker (G.). History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire, 5 parts in 2 vol., open letter proof plates, many additional, half calf gilt, 1822-30. £11.

Bateman (W.) and S. Glover. Biographical Notices of Celebrated and Remarkable Individuals, Natives or Otherwise, connected with the County of Derby, 3 vol. manuscript, illustrated with engraved portraits, 1853. £20.

Bedæ Venerabilis Opusculum in Librum Actuum Apostolorum cum Expositione de Nomiuibus Locorum et Expositio in Septem Epistolas Canonicas, cum Prologis S. Hieronymi, manuscript on vellum, in oak boards, covered in leather, with 4 brass bosses; Sæc. xiv. £21.
[This valuable MS. formerly belonged to the Monastery of St. Mary de Bellalanda.]

Bernardi (Sancti) Sermones de Nativitate Domini, de S. Stephano, de Purificatione, de S. Benedicto, etc., manuscript on vellum, with elegant painted initials, oak boards, covered in stamped leather, with clasp; Sæc. xi.-xii. £10.

Biblia Pauperum. A leaf from the Block Book, with xylographic inscriptions, circa 1440. £8 8s.

Biblia Latina (Genesis to Ruth), manuscript on vellum, not quite complete, oak boards, covered in pigskin, with clasp, Sæc. viii. £50.

Biblia Latina, cum Indice Nominum, fine manuscript on vellum (14 by 10½ inches), elegantly decorated with 106 initial letters historiated with miniature portraits and 40 initials without miniatures, all finely illuminated in gold and colours, oak boards, covered in stamped pigskin; Sæc. xiii.-xiv. £120.

Biblia Latina, 2 vol., oak boards, covered in stamped leather, with brass clasps; s.l. and a. sed Coloniæ Ulricus Zell, circa 1470. £15 10s.

Biblia Latina, 2 vol., fine copy in oak boards; Moguntiæ, P. Schoiffer, 1472. £20.
[Extremely rare. Sir M. Sykes's copy sold for £36 15s.]

Biblia Latina, fine large copy in the original oak boards, covered in leather, rebacked. Norimbergæ, A. Coburger, 1478. £11 5s.
[Excessively rare. The Wodhull copy sold for £43 10s.]

Biblia Latina, cum Concordantiis, numerous woodcuts. Lugd. S. Guenar alias Pinet, s. a. circa 1520. £1.

Biblia Germanica. Bibel Teutsch, 2 vols. Gothic letter, with 109 large woodcuts, coloured in the style of the Block Books, and initials illuminated in gold and colours, fine copy in half calf Nuremberg, A. Koburger, 1483. £26 10s.
[This is the ninth German Bible, and excessively rare.]

Bible, faithfully and truly translated by Myles Coverdale, black letter, woodcuts, titles, map, twenty-two leaves at the beginning and twenty-eight at the end beautifully facsimiled (12 by 7¾ inches) in red morocco super extra, dentelle borders, tooled leather joints, vellum fly-leaves, gilt edges, sold with all faults, 1535. £85.
[The first English Bible printed, and so excessively rare that the Osterley Park copy was considered the only perfect one known, and that was dated 1536.]

Byble in Englyshe (the Great or Cromwell's). Matthew's Version improved by M. Coverdale under the Auspices of Thomas Lord Cromwell, black letter, woodcuts, ruled, R. Grafton and E. Whitchurch, 1539. £23.
[Sold with all faults. Mr. Gardner's copy, a perfect one, brought £121.

Byble in Englyssbe (Second Edition of the Great or Cromwell's), black letter, woodcuts, said to be perfect, with exception of first title, having printed portion in facsimile, inlaid on the

original fine woodcut by Holbein from 1539 edition, and a few leaves taken from one of the other five editions printed in 1539, 1540 and 1541, and also having several leaves mended, oak boards covered in leather, rebacked with blue morocco, g. e. with ten brass bosses on sides, sold with all faults, excessively rare, R. Grafton and E. Whitchurch, 1540-41. £14.

Bible (Breeches), First Edition of the Genevan Version for Scotland and first English Bible printed in Scotland, maps and woodcuts, title in facsimile, blue morocco extra, gold tooling, leather joints, g. e., sold with all faults, Edinburgh, A. Arbuthnot, 1579. £10 5s.
[Very rare. Mr. W. H. Crawford's copy, with facsimile title and dedication, sold for £19, and the Earl of Crawford's, with title soiled and mended, for £31.

Bible (Holy) First Edition of the Standard Issue of the English Version as now in use, engraved title and dedication facsimiled, sold with all faults, else fine copy in old panelled calf, R. Barker, 1611. £2 12s.
[The real First Edition known as the Great He Bible, from the reading in Ruth iii. 15.]

Chalmers (A.) General Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols., extensively and carefully illustrated with rare portraits, etc., accompanied with a MS. Index to the portraits and other illustrations, having the price paid for each print, etc., russia, bindings of some vols. broken, 1812-17. £79.

Complaynt of Scotland, imperfect at beginning and end, calf, 1549. £17.
[Excessively rare. The only perfect copy known is in the British Museum; the Roxburghe copy, wanting the title, sold for £31 10s.]

Confession of the most auncient and true Christe catholike olde belefe . . . . set furthe in Englishe, by J. O(lde), black letter, a few of the top lines slightly cut into, morocco, g. e., rare, Sothewarke by C. Truthal, 1556. £4 4s.

Crompton (Hugh) Poems, being a Fardle of Fancies, or a Medley of Musick stewed in four Ounces of the Oyl of Epigrams, wants A 2 (apparently the "Licence") morocco, gilt gaufre edges, E.C. for Tho. Alsop, 1657. £6 16s.

Dibdin (T. F.) Bibliotheca Spenceriana; or a Descriptive Catalogue of the Books printed in the Fifteenth Century, etc., in the Library of Earl Spencer, 4 vol. facsimiles, etc., half morocco, uncut, 1814-15. £7 15s.

Dibdin (T. F.) Ædes Althorpianæ; or an Account of the Mansion, Books and Pictures at Althorp, and Supplement to the Bibliotheca Spenceriana, 2 vol., numerous illustrations, calf, g. e., 1822. £3 18s.

Dibdin (T. F.) Bibliographical Decameron, 3 vol., numerous illustrations (some additional), half morocco, uncut, 1817. £13 5s.

Dibdin (T. F.) Bibliographical Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, 3 vol., numerous beautiful plates and vignettes (the latter on India paper), a few portraits and other illustrations added, russia gilt, g. e., 1821. £8 10s.

Cantica Ecclesiastica, Manuscript on vellum, with music in Neumes, calf extra, leather joints, with the old sides stamped with crowned Tudor rose and the letters E.R.H.W. preserved, Sæc. x. £65.

Cardonnel (A. de) Monumental Antiquities, etc., Sketched from Nature, copied from the Original Drawings by T. Bateman, autograph MS. of T. Bateman, with 15 coloured drawings, half calf gilt, 1854. £5 15s.

Carthery (J.) Voyage of the Wandering Knight, translated by W. Goodyeare, black letter, with dedication to Sir F. Drake, russia, g. e., W. Stansby, n. d. £3 10s.

Charles I. The Bloody Court, printed in red letters, with Charles I. praying from Eikon Basilike and a portrait worked from a lock of his own hair added, n. d.—Treason Discovered, frontispiece, 1660, calf gilt, in 1 vol. £6 10s.

Columbani (Sancti) Vita scripta ab Jona Hiberno in Sæculo IX., Manuscript on vellum, brown morocco extra, leather joints, Sæc. xii. £41.

Cook (Captain James) Three Voyages round the World, 8 vol., portrait, maps, charts, and plates, old russia, wants rebacking, with royal folio atlas of plates, including death of Captain Cook, half russia, 1773-77-85. £6.

Cotton, J., of Boston, New England, Bloudy Tenent washed and made white in the Bloud of the Lambe, with Reply to Williams's Answer, rare; 1647. £5 17s. 6d.

Bowman, W., Notices of Tumulie of the Celtic and Saxon Races in Yorkshire, Manuscript, with numerous pen and ink drawings and engravings, and with various MS. and printed additions, half calf gilt; Leeds, 1849. £7 5s.

Brant, S. Stultifera Navis, the Ship of Fooles in Latin with English Translation by A. Barclay, with divers other Workes adjoyned (The Mirrour of good Maners by D. Mancin in Latin and English and Eglogues of A. Barclay), spirited wood-cuts, Latin in Roman letters and translation in black letter, fine copy in calf, gilt edges. J. Cawood, 1570. £15 5s.
[Rare. The Roxburghe copy sold for £9 19s. 6d.; and Earl of Crawford's for £16 10s.

Breviarium Augustense, 2 vols., Manuscript on Paper, written "per me Germanum Schlecht in Schrobenhausen 1498," oak boards, covered in leather. Sæc. xv-xvi, 1498-1503. £7 10s.
[Decorated with Miniatures historiated with figures, painted in various colours, floriated borders, and numerous coloured initials.]

Breydenbach, B. de, Sacrarum Peregrinationum in Montem Syon, ad venerandum Christi Sepulchrum in Hierusalem atque in Montem Synai ad divam Virginem et Martyrem Katherinam Opusculum, with large folding and other woodcuts (mended), green morocco, gilt edges, in a case, sold with all faults; Spiræ, P. Drach, 1502. £10 10s.

Cæsar, sa Vie et ses Gestes, en Francoys, Manuscript on Paper, with beautiful painting in gold and colours representing Cæsar in Armour, etc., a very elegant illuminated border composed of animals, etc., and numerous capital letters executed in gold and colours, half morocco, Sæc. xv. £12.

Cassiodori (M.A.), Expositio digesta Psalmorum, Manuscript on vellum, with ornamental initials, transcribed by a Spanish Scribe, Lope de Frias (18¼ by 13¾ inches), oak boards, with brass bosses, Sæc. xii. £200.
[Prefixed is Portion of an old Spanish Kalendar.]

POETRY.

BACK IN LONDON.

Walking the world in freedom, walking the world in pride,
Fetters I wear, unseen as air, soul manacled, spirit tied:
She binds me to willing service, the woman I won to own,
Swaying my will through nerves that thrill to a look, a touch, a tone—

Gossamer, yet it binds me. Say, is my right the same
To stake my all on a spinning ball, to ride for a fall or fame?

Nay—for yet other fetters hamper, cling, and restrain,
Children of mine close linked to twine me fast in a daisy chain.

Here I am back in the battle, threading the ways of the crowd,
Back where I long to strike with the strong and shout where the shouters are loud,

Now but a vain onlooker. Say, do I fret or rue?
Were my power full to disannul what is done, would I undo?

Would I bid the clutch on my leaping heart to slacken and loose its grasp,
The web of love to be all unwove and little cold hands unclasp?

Not though a dozen Londons were waiting the word I could bring,
Not though the whole of Europe's soul were athirst to hear me sing.

Truce to such impotent babble, such prate of a fool as this—
Never the word that should be heard was gagged by a loving kiss.

Weakness will still be weakness; strength will grow with the strain;
Harder at first the hedge to burst; there is more in the end to gain.

Firmer the hard-fought purpose; surer the soul twice tried;
If a man be worth his place on earth, there is room for his wife beside.

Love that hast helped me and hindered, Love that wilt help me still,
Give me the nerve that does not swerve and the resolute march of will.

Thou that hast been my guerdon, help me to make return,
Help me to stem the tide for them till I win to a better bourne.

G. W. Y.

NEW WRITERS.

SARAH GRAND.

THE author of the 'Heavenly Twins' belongs on one side of her family to an old Quaker stock. Her grandfather was turned out of the community for hunting, and her mother, an enthusiastic huntswoman, despised the peaceful Quakers, and kept her child aloof from their influences. In spite of this, it is not difficult to detect in Sarah Grand traces of Quaker ancestry. Strangers among the Friends have been known to recognise her by some mysterious sign as one of themselves. She began to write at a very early age, and it is a curious fact that she found the greatest difficulty in acquiring the art of penmanship. Her head was full of ideas long before her hand was able to inscribe them. As a child she used to pray fervently that she might be allowed to write well, meaning to write a good hand. Hearing a friend remark once that our prayers are never answered as we expect, she took this to mean that she would be made to write a very large hand, while her ambition yearned after a clear, delicate, small one. Her first long story, 'Singularly Deluded,' appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and has been republished in volume form this year. Her second book 'Ideala,' which may be taken as a prelude to the 'Heavenly Twins,' is a work of remarkable genius, and with a better chance at starting, would have made her reputation. Both these first novels were anonymous. The *nom de plume* "Sarah Grand" was suggested in a vivid dream. She awoke on a dark winter morning to find that the last proof-sheets of the 'Heavenly Twins' had arrived, and that the title-page was awaiting her name. Then and there she wrote upon it "Sarah Grand." By her express desire her real name remains a secret from the public. The reason for its concealment is no doubt a sorrowful one, and the persistent curiosity on the subject has caused her much annoyance.

Goethe once said to Eckermann that the name he would prefer to all others was "Befreier." It is possible that Sarah Grand may be known to the rising generation as "Die Befreierin." Ideas which have grown with higher education, and have floated more or less vaguely before the minds of cultured women, find in her sharp and startling expression. Her ideal women claim freedom for themselves, freedom to live the highest life, and secure the fullest development. Their lives are a contradiction of Lord Melbourne's remark to the Queen, that no woman, whatever her position, can afford to stand alone. Ideala and Evadne are ready to stand alone. They will face the social desert, but not disobey the heavenly vision. There is even a certain proud joy in their recognition of the fact that "Dieu n'a voulu pour elles que les grands et âpres sentiers." Yet with all their independence they are the most womanly of women. Sarah Grand has not the faintest sympathy with the bold and noisy female agitator. Her heroines have other things to do than to storm platforms. She is never happier than when describing a peaceful home-life, such as Gertrude's in 'Singularly Deluded,' or Angelica's at the close of the 'Heavenly Twins.'

There is a remark in the preface to 'Ideala' which may, without unfairness, be applied to its author. "It would be wrong to take any one of Ideala's opinions here given as final." There is much in the 'Heavenly Twins' which Sarah Grand's warmest admirers will accept as transitional. Her power is still half-developed, and her best work to come. She herself confesses that her knowledge of life has been confined to a somewhat narrow circle. She has no conception of the commonplace struggles which beset the lives of ordinary women. Her characters are the queens and princesses of the sex, and with all their charm, they do not tread the beaten highway. In the characters of Ideala and Evadne there is a certain superhuman element. The former, when she reappears in the 'Heavenly Twins,' moves with a shadowy splendour. Plain people refer to her in awe struck accents as "the other great lady." She looks on life as Juno might have done, if she had come as a curious visitor to some Greek peasant's home. One could not imagine Ideala making a small economy. Walter Besant's first care for a favourite hero is to fill his purse; Sarah Grand does not recognise the possibility of a purse being empty. Those who know her, however, are aware that the problem of the

lives of poor women in London is at present engaging her deepest interest. And in their own sphere her strongest characters are the most helpful. The need of loving keeps their souls alive. "Love is the one thing worth living for" —not a selfish independence. "Ideala gathers the useless units of society about her and makes them worthy women. Wherever she is, you may be sure that another woman is there also—someone with a sorrowful history, probably, and you may be equally sure that she is leaning on Ideala."

MR. FRANK MATHEW.

Mr. Frank Mathew is a young writer who is making his way. For literary capital he has a good deal of mother-wit, much quiet humour, and a peculiarly intimate knowledge of his own country, of the ways and speech of its inhabitants, gentle and simple. He has recently been contributing some stories of Irish life to the pages of the *Idler*. Now he has collected these, added a few more, and made a volume of them, 'The Rising of the Moon,' the first book published by the new publishing house of Messrs. McClure and Co.

Mr. Mathew, though of a noted Tipperary family—he is the grandnephew on both his father's and his mother's side of the famous Father Mathew, and he is a nephew of Mr. Justice Mathew—was born in Bombay. He came home to Ireland, to the neighbourhood of Cork, very early. From school in Dublin he passed to Beaumont, one of the principal Roman Catholic colleges in England, where his literary career may be said to have begun at the age of fourteen, when he gained a prize for a poem on "The Last Days of Queen Elizabeth."

After matriculating at London University, and attending classes at King's College, the Inglis scholarship and the Stephens Endowment falling to his share, Mr. Mathew became a solicitor. But he had entered the field of literature with some success before his Irish stories were published in the *Idler*. When he was twenty-four he wrote the biography of his famous great-uncle, 'Father Mathew, his Life and Times,' which was brought out by Messrs. Cassell.

The rollicking humour which used to characterise Irish fiction is absent from Mr. Mathew's stories, as indeed it is from all contemporary Irish literature. A nobler, more sympathetic kind has taken its place, and in Mr. Mathew's case has been supplemented by a very close observation of the ways, good and bad, the aspirations, the superstitions, and the heroisms of his countrymen. Nothing Irish seems alien to him.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

'Ships that Pass in the Night,' issued by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen some months ago, was a notable first novel. It did what only a small number of first novels do—touched and won the sympathies of its readers. The writer of it, Miss Beatrice Harraden, was born in London, and received the first part of her education in Dresden. At Cheltenham College, and afterwards at Bedford College, she studied for the B.A. degree at London University (in Classics and Mathematics), which she passed in 1883. Although up to that time Miss Harraden had been much engaged in preparation for examinations, she had still found leisure to do some literary work and to practise the violoncello, for which she had a great love.

After taking her degree, her interest was divided between music and writing, several short stories by her appearing in magazines. On the advice of Mrs. Lynn Linton, to whom she was introduced about this time, she determined to devote herself to writing. The kindness and encouragement she received from Mr. William Blackwood strengthened this resolve. Unfortunately, however, soon after Mr. Blackwood had accepted a story, 'The Umbrella Mender,' Miss Harraden fell ill, and lost the use of her right hand through entire failure of the ulnar nerve, the cause being over-strain in writing and 'cello-playing. Happily she is now again occasionally able to write for a short time, but never without difficulty, and sometimes not at all. Her work for the last three years has, therefore, been practically suspended. 'A New Book of the Fairies,' published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, and 'The Mathematical Master's Love Story,' which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, were written from her dictation, but Miss Harraden finds this method very irksome, and prefers to write just as she can, either with the right or left hand, or with both. 'Ships that Pass in the Night' was written in this manner.

In spite of this great difficulty in her way, and which readers of her recent novel must hope will be merely temporary, Miss Harraden has lately finished a story in eleven chapters. It will appear shortly in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE READER.

MANCHESTER MEMORIES: EDWIN WAUGH.

The funeral of Edwin Waugh—My first acquaintance with him—The Lancashire Public School Association, of which he was assistant-secretary—His uncongenial duties—They will "take any quantity of paper"—Publication of his Lancashire Sketches, followed by that of "Come whoam to the childer and me"—Waugh becomes famous and prosperous—His benefactors in old age—Last years of Waugh and of Burns.

ON the first Saturday of May, 1890, a little more than three years ago, toiling and money-making Manchester presented an unusual spectacle. For two and a half miles from the railway station named after that busiest of human beehives, the Exchange of Manchester, onwards and upwards towards Kersal Moor, from which there is a panoramic view of the great industrial city, with its church-steeples and mill-chimneys looming athwart a canopy of smoke, there stood on either side the roadway thousands of spectators reverently doffing their hats and caps as a hearse with the coffined remains of one well known and endeared to them wended on its way towards Kersal Church and graveyard. As the hearse passed them the spectators fell in behind it to swell the funeral *cortège*, in which were the Mayors of Manchester and Salford in their carriages, with other representatives of local municipal officialism, and with deputations from most of the populous towns by which

Manchester is belted. There had been in Manchester no public and civic demonstration on the death of a townsman so striking as this since more than forty-five years before the remains of the originator of the atomic theory, John Dalton, had been borne to their last resting-place, past great crowds of onlookers, and followed by a funeral train a mile long. By the death of Dalton, his chief biographer says, rather mournfully, "the first proof was furnished to many persons that he was once alive." This could not be said of him to whom Manchester and Lancashire paid the last honours in the May of 1890. Edwin Waugh was not, like John Dalton, a great man of science, but his name was a household word throughout his native county, and in many a home which had never been visited by a glimpse of the atomic theory. Probably not one of the multitude of witnesses of his obsequies—operatives and artisans being conspicuous by their presence—but was familiar with the song which first conferred fame on the Lancashire Burns, as Edwin Waugh has been fondly called.

When I first made Waugh's acquaintance, he no more than myself surmised that he was to become a Lancashire celebrity. He was thirty, but had said or done nothing that gave the promise of future distinction. Of humble birth and self-educated, he had been for years a journeyman printer when he became assistant-secretary of the Lancashire Public School Association, an episode in his career of which his biographers could say next to nothing because they knew next to nothing of it. He was acting in that capacity when I was appointed Secretary of the Association. Its object was to establish throughout Lancashire (and when it became afterwards the National Public School Association, throughout the country as well as the county) schools supported by local rates and locally administered. Dogmatic theology was to be excluded from the instruction given in them, but the chief truths of Natural Religion were to be taught, and Scripture extracts, like those in use in the Irish National Schools, were to be read. When the Association emerged from its childhood into something like vigorous youth, it met with formidable opposition. The clergy, for obvious reasons, were hostile to it, with one conspicuous exception, that of the then famous Dr. Hook, the High Church Vicar of Leeds, afterwards Dean of Chichester. But the bitterest opponents of the scheme of the Association were the Nonconformist champions of purely voluntary education, led by the late Edward Baines of Leeds (a Voluntaryism run mad and now quite extinct), who, being opposed even to the then system of Parliamentary grants in aid of local educational effort, were *à fortiori* enemies of a local rating for the establishment and support of schools for the people. From the Lancashire Liberal leaders the Association received either half-hearted support or none at all. Before I became its Secretary, Cobden made a speech to it, in which, after bidding it go on and prosper, he said good-bye to it, and went on his way to promote agitations more congenial, but, as it proved, far less fruitful. Just after I became its Secretary, John Bright told me frankly that to stir up the education question anew was "like flogging a dead horse." The only sympathiser with the objects of the Association who became afterwards a notable public man was William Edward Forster, whom I had met previously in London, but sympathy more than active support was all that he could give us, for he was in Yorkshire, and had enough to do there fighting Baines and the other champions of voluntary education pure and simple. More than twenty years had to elapse before, through Forster's Education Act of 1870, Board Schools were established very much on the plan of the Lancashire Public School Association. But such a result, though it might be struggled for, could not but appear distant, even long after the establishment of the Association. However, there are some who prefer volunteering on a forlorn hope, while others abide watchfully among the stuff, waiting until the assault has been successful, when they can join in the cry of "Victory," without having stirred a finger to help in achieving it.

So little was the success of our enterprise deemed probable, that Waugh's chief and Waugh himself were spoken of as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, names partly suggested, no doubt, by contrasting peculiarities of *physique*. Otherwise and except in so far as Waugh, with his rustic upbringing, was full of remarks shrewd and racy, as well as homely, the *sobriquet* was unfair to him. His enthusiasm in the cause of popular education was quite as great as his chief's, and he had a genuine desire to see children of his own original class receive the instruction which circumstances had denied to himself. His, moreover, was a temperament as poetic as that of the real Don Quixote's delightful henchman was prosaic. In the intervals of business my Sancho, seated at an opposite desk, would con Spenser's 'Faery Queen' or some other favourite poem, and now and then call my attention to a stanza or passage which he thought peculiarly striking or musical. He had begun to scribble verse, but his flowers of poesy were for the most part born to blush unseen. If a Manchester paper inserted any of his metrical compositions, he was taken to task, not, of course, by his immediate chief, but by the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Association, who prohibited him from inditing letters to the newspapers, even when they were intended to further its objects. Poor Waugh's official functions were of a subordinate and far from congenial kind. Among his duties was that of making arrangements for the holding of public meetings in Manchester and neighbourhood, of attending them when held, of distributing at the close of the proceedings pamphlets and fly-sheets, and of receiving the names of new subscribers if any were forthcoming. One one occasion Waugh was reporting to the Committee his operations at one of these meetings. He was asked whether he had received any promises of subscriptions. "No," said Waugh, but he added, in a cheerful and encouraging tone, "They would take any quantity of paper!"—a statement which elicited a laugh from a usually sedate conclave. Sometimes Waugh and I had to realise personally the contrast between the readiness to applaud speeches and "take any quantity of paper" on the one hand, and the disinclination to subscribe on the other. The Lancashire Public School Association was, as is the appealing boast of many hospitals and philanthropic institutions, "supported wholly by voluntary contributions." Sometimes at the week's end the exchequer was empty, and Waugh and I had to consider painfully how the payment of our very modest salaries was to be effected. If, as would happen, there were no annual subscriptions due, nothing was left but for Waugh to hunt up some supporters of the

Association whose subscriptions were in arrear. Many a joke we indulged in when scanning the list of subscribers and deciding who were the most likely to furnish the small sum required. We were comparatively young—I was some years Waugh's junior—and we made a jest of our little perplexities. On these occasions there was often on my lips, for Waugh's behoof, a vernacular rendering of the Virgilian *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

This consoling prophecy came true at last. After an absence of some years in London, I returned to Manchester as the editor of a newspaper there, and found Waugh plodding wearily on as traveller to a printing firm. But he had in hand a volume of Lancashire sketches: I forget whether some at least of them had been published in a local newspaper, but the bulk of the volume was still in MS. I was able to procure a Manchester publisher (no easy matter then or at any time) for Waugh's first book, his prose 'Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities,' which contained some of the best and most characteristic writing that ever came from his pen. Good judges recognised its varied merit, and Carlyle pronounced its author to be "a man of decided mark." It was not much of a financial success, but it made Waugh known. Fame came to him suddenly and unexpectedly only a year after its publication. In a fit of the happiest poetic inspiration he threw off the touching lyric, "Come whoam to the childer and me," and, printed as a single sheet, it leapt at once into a popularity unparalleled in the annals of modern song. It was sold literally by the million, not only in Lancashire, but throughout England and in the colonies. The Baroness Burdett Coutts ordered some twenty thousand copies of it for gratuitous distribution in humble homes. The fastidious *Saturday Review* called it "one of the most delicious idylls in the world, so full of colouring, yet so delicate, so tender, and so profoundly free from artifice." Waugh had no longer to travel for a printing firm, and could live reputably by his pen. Manchester newspapers and publishers now welcomed whatever came from it, prose and verse in the Lancashire dialect as well as purely English, Lancashire sketches and tales, and accounts of tours and trips in many regions of England and Scotland. Occasionally I saw him, prosperous and happy, in London and in Manchester, and many a laugh we had over the old times and those Saturday mornings when we had to go together into Committee of Ways and Means to provide for the day passing over us. When at last old age and infirmities overtook him, Waugh was generously dealt with. One Prime Minister gave him £150 from the Royal Bounty Fund, payable during three years. Another Prime Minister conferred on him a civil list pension of £90 a year. His Lancashire friends and admirers raised for him during some ten years an annual £200. In order to save his self-respect it was called the Waugh Copyright Fund, the lately deceased Lord Derby contributing to it liberally, and the subscribers were supposed to be the owners of his copyrights, though when Waugh could dispose of them to his own advantage they raised no objection, and went on contributing to his support as before. Pleasant for Lancashire men, but painful for Scotchmen, is the inevitable contrast between the closing years of Edwin Waugh and those of Robert Burns. Φ

EDITOR *versus* CONTRIBUTOR.

From an Editor's Point of View.

GRIEVANCES between editor and contributor, or rather between contributor and editor, have always existed; but they have now come into special prominence. There is, I think, very little misunderstanding between editors and their regular staff. It is from the outside contributor that complaints mainly come. My object is to state the editor's point of view as clearly and fairly as I can.

During a somewhat varied editorial experience many thousands of manuscripts have been sent to me without solicitation. These I have examined with the desire to use what suited my purpose. I have earnestly sought to encourage new authors, and to bring them before the public if their work had real merit. On a deliberate review I cannot think of any unsolicited contribution received in that way that was of any real use. Some I have printed, and they have passed muster. But they have attracted no special attention, and perhaps on the whole I should have done better without them. It may be said that this merely proves blindness and incapacity on my part. Probably, but I have never heard of any writer rejected by me obtaining success elsewhere. My practice has been, and is still, to look out for and invite contributors; in most cases to supply them with subjects; and to rely on a regular staff, to which additions are steadily though slowly made.

If this is the experience of other editors, it is obvious that outside contributors must not press their case too hard. For the examination of their articles is one of the most burdensome and thankless among an editor's tasks. So burdensome and thankless I have found it, that if I never again received an unsolicited manuscript my days would be comparatively without care. It follows that the excessive badgering and unreasonable abuse of editors will end in the best of them closing the door on beginners. Indeed, they are already beginning to do so. Warnings that the paper is "supplied for many months" are appearing with ominous frequency, and many first-class journals decline to return manuscript in any circumstances. All practical discussion of the subject must begin with these facts.

Let us ask, then, what is an editor entitled to expect of a would-be contributor?

1. That the intending contributor should have examined the periodical he designs to honour, and should have acquainted himself with its character and purpose.

In a large proportion of cases the volunteer writer has never even seen the periodical to which he sends his manuscript. There lies before me a letter from a lady, which I copy verbatim: "Dear Sir, I have seen favourable notices of your new periodical, and think I could send you a few articles. Will you *very kindly* send me some numbers to look over? I am a contributor to ——" (here follow the names of some rubbishy papers). The mistaken kindness of brother editors sometimes leads to strange inflictions. The editor of a front-rank review was once in the way of recommending some of his rejected contributors to try a magazine of which I was editor. Articles of enormous length, utterly unsuitable and invariably without stamps for return, used to come by dozens.

They were generally accompanied by condescending letters. "As my friend the editor of the *Megatherium* finds that he has not space at present, he has advised me to write you. Although I have not seen your periodical, I understand it deals with subjects," etc., etc. That nuisance was put down, by energetic measures.

2. It is reasonable to expect also that the volunteer should read the "notices to contributors" which appear in every journal. Some papers announce explicitly that they do not return manuscripts; others that they send them, if stamped addressed envelopes are enclosed; others, again, that if stamps are sent they will make every effort to return unused papers. I submit that these notices should be studied and believed and acted on.

Editorial work has its drawbacks, but none of them can compare, to my mind, with the nuisance of returning unsought articles. Although I have always put a notice of the sternest kind that no such thing can be done, I have conscientiously tried to return everything which seemed likely to be of the slightest use to the writer, and also every communication which came with a stamped directed envelope. (Occasionally one gets directed envelopes not stamped, and in these cases I have promptly, and with great alacrity, sent back the manuscript.) I have also not unfrequently written letters to the writers, when it seemed possible to give some help. All this labour has been in nearly every instance not only unrecognised but even rewarded with abuse. One instance may be given. A little known writer for whose work in one field I had a sincere admiration, sent me an article on a subject in which he was an amateur. It was impossible to print it, but in returning it I wrote a letter expressing my warm admiration of the writer's work in his own special line. I received in return a scurrilous epistle, in which I was told that my praises were even a surer proof of my incapacity than my censures, that the man himself did not think highly of the efforts I had singled out for commendation, that his real message to the world was contained in the article I had rejected and in other things that were to follow it, etc., etc., etc. The article in question has never so far as I know been published.

Some women are particularly unreasonable in this matter. They disdain to look at rules and regulations, and they will continue sending letters and postcards for months before they give over. It is wisest to take no notice of these.

3. The editor is also entitled to insist on his privacy being respected. His place of abode should not be searched out by the aspiring author. It often is, however. To one gentleman who troubled me much with manuscripts, I wrote a long and civil letter, explaining that I could not use what he had to write. He graciously replied that he was one of the sort who never failed to accomplish what they put their hands to, and that he would convince me in time that I required his services as a contributor. He followed up this letter by calling at my house along with a friend he proposed to introduce. Another man sent me a manuscript, during my holidays. I wrote him from my retreat amongst the hills that I could not do anything with his manuscript whereupon he came over to my house in London, and gave a neighbouring cabman a shilling to let him know at once when I returned.

These are but specimens of innumerable cases. Some are far more remarkable, but I could not properly tell them without bringing in individuals who might not like their names mentioned in the connection. This leads me to say a word to contributors whose articles have been accepted. If they think they have a grievance against an editor their duty is to submit that grievance to him, and ask him to redress it before they go elsewhere. It may seem almost inconceivable that this should not be done in every case. As a matter of fact it is not. A contributor to a well-known journal, who had received nothing but kindness from the editor, heard a rumour that the said editor had made arrangements for a certain use of one of his stories. Instead of writing to the editor, he went to a third party, who threatened the terrors of the law. It was explained that the whole thing was a misapprehension, whereupon the contributor wrote to the editor and offered him more stories! It is needless to say that they were promptly refused.

What, then, is the duty of an editor towards volunteer contributors? His duty, as I conceive it, is simply to keep the promises made in his periodical. If he says that he does not care to examine unsolicited articles he has a right to stick to that. If he says he does not return articles he is not bound to return them. Whatever he may do in the way of help, advice, and suggestion ought to be taken as a kindness.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

THAT Mr. Quaritch of Piccadilly is the actual head of the European book-trade is a matter of common knowledge. Londoners point out his shop to country cousins, and tell tales in the style of the Arabian Nights of the fabulous value of his rare volumes. It is well known also that he is an enthusiast about his trade, and that his industry is on a level with his enthusiasm. At nine every morning he is to be seen at his desk, and whenever an important library reaches the hammer of the auctioneer he is to be found in the sale-room, bidding steadily and boldly, with a knowledge of his subject that enables him to "set the prices" of almost all scarce works, whether their date be earlier or later than that of the invention of printing. Here he is always closely observed, for the sums that change hands when a favourite example of an ancient work finds a new owner would enable the purchaser to acquire a race-horse or a yacht, if the library were not the chosen home of his affections.

"I know more than most other people, because I have made all my own mistakes," Mr. Quaritch once told the present writer. These mistakes brought him knowledge, because, like the much longer list of his successes, they were made for this purpose, just as a whist-player now wins and now loses a trick, but always knows better and better what are the cards in his adversaries' and his partner's hands, and what use is likely to be made of them.

Slow thought, quick action, continual watchfulness, and long memory have been the means that have brought Mr. Quaritch to the front in the struggles of a trade full of secrets, full of rivalries, full of unforeseen chances and unforeseen dangers, a trade whose stock belongs to all countries and all centuries, but whose opportunities of acquisition come almost unannounced, and are gone in a moment.

"You know a great deal about these things," said Mr.

Ruskin once, holding a rare manuscript of the dark ages in his hand.

"I know," said Mr. Quaritch simply, "because every manuscript that has come into the market for the last thirty years I have either bid for or bought."

Those who try to call up an image of Mr. Quaritch from his reputation probably picture him as a lean and hungry bird of prey, with the dim eyes of the over-tasked scholar and the hooked claws of the impassioned collector. To anyone who has even partly formed such a conception, it is rather disconcerting to find in Mr. Quaritch a pocket Hercules, a man not over five foot six in height, who looks fifty, when every one knows him to be past seventy, upright and sturdy, with bright brown eyes, powerful throat, massive and muscular figure, whose type recalls Blake's description of the qualities that go with ideal strength, "accumulation of power to the principal seat, and from thence a regular gradation and subordination." Now and then, in past times, he has allowed his friends to see the stuff of which he is made, and used to slip just the little finger of each hand inside the ring of a hundred-pound weight and lift both the formidable blocks high in the air without any preparation or training for the feat.

His manner and address are deliberate, with a touch of defiant originality, tempered by old-fashioned reserve and courtesy so entirely unlike the professional smoothness of the tradesman that every one who is brought into contact with him, even on the simplest matters, feels that there is an enigma here, a man working with all his heart in one sphere, while his personality bears the stamp of another. To obtain the explanation of the paradox it is only necessary to go back a little way. Mr. Quaritch's grandfather on the father's side lived in the country, and was entirely given over to agriculture, but his father had a dash of romance about him, and being a student at the time when Napoleon was the enemy and the danger of all Europe, he strained all his resources, sold off his effects to arm himself, and with as many of his friends as would join him, entered the German army as a volunteer. He was wounded in the head at Waterloo, but survived and married a girl of fortune and position, the Belle of Nordhausen, niece of one of the mayors of that Free Town, whose rulers were more like the Medici in Florence in Michel Angelo's time than a mayor in our own day. Their families counted as patrician, and they owed allegiance to no one. But Captain Quaritch was not a man with whom money would remain, and when he died in 1828 the present representative of the name found himself at nine years old practically without prospects, his mother being reduced to the very borders of actual want. The only opening that presented itself to him at this moment took the form of an offer of apprenticeship to a bookseller. It was not to be refused. But in the boy's heart was a bitter sense of fall and an unquenchable determination to rise. He tells to this day how, when he was only an apprentice earning three and sixpence a week, he used to walk off on Sunday with his midday meal in his pocket to a forest where he had found out not only how to be alone, but where grew the highest fork of the highest tree that overlooked the whole of the rest of the wood. Here he used to climb, and here he would sit eating his bread and raisins or sausage, and resolving that since fate had made him a bookseller he would be in that trade what his favourite tree was in that forest.

It cannot be denied that the promise so made to himself, more than sixty years ago, has been kept. His own children have never known anything of struggle or stint. They have been equally saved from the mortifications that are sometimes encountered by the descendants of self-made men. Nothing in Mr. Quaritch's home suggests the *nouveau-riche*, but this is only natural when it is remembered that not the present position of ease but the early time of difficulty was the unaccustomed incident of the family history.

The only daily labour gone through by Mr. Quaritch in his own home is the reading of the *Times*—a ceremony which he has never once failed to perform during fifty-five years. He is entirely at one with the politics of his paper, being a profound believer in class ascendancy and imperialism of the "blood and iron" Bismarckian type. But he has held these views since before Bismarck's time, and claims to be rather the original of which the statesman is a copy than a pupil in his school. It is curious in this connection to reflect that he once wrote articles for Carl Marx in the *Rheinischer Zeitung*, and has appeared on the same platform with Cobden and Mr. Gladstone. For the present Prime Minister he has a friendship and personal admiration of many years standing, though not in harmony with him now on public questions. It is long, however, since he has ceased to give expression to his views through the press. He soon found out that his ambition did not permit him to divide his energies between the book trade and politics. He came to the conclusion that if he was to do one thing better than his neighbours he must devote himself to it exclusively, and from that time has only used his pen for the preparation of his own catalogues. These are extensive and formidable works of which he is very justly proud. It is with actual difficulty that he can be induced to speak of anything else when people try to make him talk about himself. His answer is always the same, "Go to my catalogues; they are before the world. There is plenty of time for a man's biography when he is dead."

In the meantime those whose business it is to encounter Mr. Quaritch, not as a friend, but as a rival, will be less surprised at the frequent mastery of the situation which he obtains when they reflect on his origin, whose different characters so curiously unite in him that he seems more of a triumvirate than a man. His competitors find themselves face to face with the indestructible health and staying power of the farmer, of the official ascendancy and organising faculty of the mayor, and the sudden dash and onslaught of the volunteer. But they find something more. His own personality constantly presents itself in new and unexpected acts and phrases that stamp him as before all things the man of sentiment and imagination, notwithstanding the unflinching regularity and order of his daily habits. As a novelist he would have been as inexhaustible as Alexandre Dumas. He hates poetry—"I am an anti-poet!" he says of himself—but he is really a lost poet, and all the research of his life, all the works that he has planned or published, and all the libraries that he has nursed, fed, and caused to be born again out of their ashes when they came to their term, can never atone to literature for the books which he has denied himself the pleasure of writing.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

NEW BOOKS.

MANY INVENTIONS.*

Mr. Kipling alters scarcely at all. When he does, it is partly his own fault. This volume seems, and probably is, inferior to 'Life's Handicap.' It contains no single work equal to his earlier masterpieces—nothing which one can pronounce quite perfect. The reason is obvious. He takes less pains. I do not mean less time or trouble, for likely enough he finds self-repetition harder work than self-expression, but he no longer so entirely absorbs himself in the story growing up in his brain, no longer lives temporarily in it and for it so completely as to grasp it as a whole, as a living organism with definite proportions and nicely adjusted parts, and thus to present instinctively all its vital elements marvellously ordered and balanced in a work of perfect art. It could not well be otherwise. In those early pages we trace the young struggling author, cheered no doubt by visions of future fame and fortune, but forgetting those visions in the intensity of production, whose vivid creations become for the moment no longer a means to an end, but the end itself, the only reality, the only interest and delight of life. At such times, as one of like experience has told me, the story grows up and shapes itself of its own accord, clamouring to be set down in writing; till it is written the actual life and surroundings of the author fade and dwindle into far-away, sordid unrealities, and the dream alone is tangible fact. So strong is the spell that we seem to but slumber to our external life, and awake to the sharp-cut, vibrant reality of the world of Imagination. And this highly developed form of self-hypnotism is what men call inspiration. It never lasts long. Aged seers may be experienced and impressive, but the genuine prophets are the young ones. Mr. Kipling, like the rest of us, will never sleep or dream as soundly as of old. A wider horizon, new interests, the varied business of life, the demands of fame and of society—all must inevitably tend to disenchant; the imperative vision once eagerly pursued and scrupulously recorded becomes less and less real, more and more mechanical. Story-telling, we find, is not the sole, but only a subordinate object of life—we no longer live to write, but write to live, to amuse ourselves, keep up our reputations, or just from mere habit. Mr. Kipling has his own sphere, and in that he is never likely to excel himself. He has done enough. When he is gone and things have settled down, about a dozen of his short pieces will be selected, and that little book will stand as a masterpiece probably never to be rivalled. But that is no reason why he should now leave off. He need not write for fame or to show us what he can do, but to amuse and instruct and stimulate us—in short, because we all want him to go on, and to go on in his own proper walk. These 'New Inventions' may be more or less inferior variations on his old themes, but they are variations, not imitations, and we much prefer to have them from the hand of the master himself rather than from those of his numerous disciples. For that hand has by no means lost its cunning. It is as supple, as quick, as strong, as tender, as brutal as before, though not so instinctive and masterful. No, he alters very little. His topics are the same, his way of looking at them is unchanged, his method of presentation never varies. Not one of his faults has he even attempted to correct. So he still remains individual and beyond rules. If his work is less superlative as a whole, that is due to the inevitable cause that I have indicated. Yet not wholly. It is partly his own fault. There is not only a certain air of effort and weariness in some of these 'New Inventions,' but at times positive carelessness. I find not a few passages where, though instinct failed, experience might surely have suggested improvement. Hardly one of the stories but would bear re-casting, abridgment or alteration. They have not been so carefully, or at least so earnestly thought out and reduced to shape. The best test is perhaps the conclusions. One is seldom able to end with a note of admiration, but with a feeling of unsatisfaction, or even of disillusion. And further, what at first were startling innovations, fantastic vagaries and daring licenses, become on frequent repetition too much like mannerisms. One I will mention because its effects are really serious. It is the trick of intentional obscurity. We are told minutely what people do and what they say—and to make things worse, they talk in oracles—but we are not told what they mean till the next page. Meanwhile we are supposed to be enjoying the mystification; and so we did two years ago, but now it only fatigues, nay worse, exasperates when, as at pages 319 and 320, we try in vain to follow the action, and then, when the key is given, turn back to find that the action was clumsily and obscurely narrated. In this case the boat must somehow have turned round. Similarly the story is often eked out and the mystery kept up by making the characters speak in oracular, evasive, or ambiguous terms, or else persist in holding their tongues in a most unnatural and annoying way. Another trick is his constant allusion to oaths and bad language, and the euphemistic paraphrases he uses for them. We know that soldiers' expletives are not pretty, but then they are mere expletives without definite meaning. To our ears such words do suggest a meaning which disgusts and horrifies. If then the *ipsissima verba* will not bear quotation, why hint at them at all? Further, the settings to the tales which were usually so appropriate a frame, are getting a little mechanical, while sometimes, as in 'Love o' Women, they overshadow the main story.

In one piece, 'In the Rukh,' Mr. Kipling reaches his highest standard. His natives were always more picturesque than his Europeans. It is a most impressive study of the Indian forest, and contains many splendid descriptions—one line is superb, "and the forest was waking to the hushed ravenous life of the night." Yet even here, though there is a laudable absence of the supernatural, we sup full of improbabilities. The marvellous forest-man has been suckled by a wolf and is attended and served through life by his four grisly foster-brothers. These wolves then must have remained young and agile to the age of twenty or thirty. Besides, the fraternal tie does not last between wolves, much less their human foster-brothers, after each has gone out into the world on his own account. The Orpheus scene is moreover a most ill-judged and incongruous embellishment. Still all this does not destroy the singular charm of the story.

'The Disturber of Traffic' is an amusing little nautical yarn, very much spun out. It contains an interesting study of mania, and a curious Malay, of whom we would gladly hear more. 'My Lord the Elephant' is a variation of 'Moti-guj,' but not nearly so good and much too long. The description of the elephants in the setting is very fine, but Mulvaney's story is a palpable lie, and to tell the truth we have had almost enough of the clever talk of the Soldiers Three.

Perhaps the *Lettres Persanes* have had their day, but there was room for the clever little imitation called 'One View of the Question.' Mr. Kipling is not only shrewd, he is wise, and in the letter from Shafiz Ullah he tells us some nasty home truths, among them the hopelessness of an India governed by an England governed by newspaper writers and readers. To this theme he returns in 'Judson and the Empire,' which opens with some very painful and highly improper remarks on the sacred theme of Democracy. The story is amusing and developes into downright burlesque, but though confessedly a mere Foreign Office skit, it does exemplify most vividly such history as is manufactured in far-off Africa, and probably reveals the true bearings of the Anglo-Portuguese squabble. And through it all staggers and wobbles most pitiably that biggest and emptiest of bubbles that ever Man blew and likened to the great globe itself—the poor soap-born windbag of Nineteenth-century Republicanism.

In 'His Private Honour' we have Ortheris again who has been struck on parade by a young officer. The story is too long and somewhat obscure. This affair is arranged by private fisticuffs in the jungle. For a civilian to hint an opinion is perhaps touching, or at least talking about the Ark, but I do think it is too bad of the author to bolster up this stupid wickedness, and hint at murder and mutiny. British soldiers are neither hyenas nor French assassins-in-ordinary to a popular journal. This excellent young officer

* 'Many Inventions.' By R. Kipling. (Macmillan.)

surely had tact enough to say in private a few simple, hearty and flattering words of explanation and regret which would have been accepted, nay treasured, by this excellent soldier, and afterwards to allow it to be inferred that such words had been spoken. That such would have been the natural, the sensible, the English, the only course I am prepared to maintain in the face of the guns and Mr. Kipling.

A very original Munchausen tale of the death of the Sea-serpent in a submarine volcanic eruption is introduced as 'A Matter of Fact.' The idea is most original and picturesque, but more might have been made of it, and here again we are teased by the old trick of deferring the key to minutely recorded action. Otherwise the marvels are picturesque enough, and the epilogue is an original and subtle idea, though very coarsely and obscurely worked out. 'The Lost Legion,' an account of a night attack, contains some masterly descriptions and much instruction on border warfare, but is hardly improved by the supernatural element. 'Love o' Women' opens with a fine episode of a murder and trial, which introduce a long Don Juan story by Mulvaney, which, so far as I can grapple with its obscurity, seems to come under the head of the blasphemously goody. Yet Mulvaney is always the Irish gentleman and a king of men; we hardly dare criticise him. His glowing picture (pp. 270-272) of the return of the troops warms the heart like one of Marryat's honest pages.

Hitherto we have been dealing with Mr. Kipling on his proper ground. When he strays into English scenes the indefinable taint of journalism spoils everything. Of this we have here a few examples. 'Brugglesmith' is a farcical adventure with a drunken man, incredible and artificial—in fact, mere Theodore Hook without the rollicking fun. How differently Mr. Stevenson would have treated the episode with his art of embellishing trifles. The novelist in 'A Conference of the Powers' is a journalistic caricature, the boyishness of the young officers much exaggerated, the conversation highly mechanical, and the constant interpretation of Indian terms very tiresome. 'The Finest Story in the World' is a dead failure. Stories about metempsychosis are utterly unjustifiable save as *jeux d'esprit*, and this one, alas! is tedious, circumstantial and long-winded.

The author has, however, more or less broken new ground in two directions. One is an allegorical tale, highly original and in parts very striking. But it is rather obscure and the machinery novel and confusing. Six signs, and these not all beneficent ones, are called the 'Children of the Zodiac,' and are to be murdered by the other six (not all malignant), which are called "Houses." Leo, the hero, appears as a man, plays the part of Orpheus, and marries Virgo. But there is nothing vague about 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot.' Here Mr. Kipling is in Whitechapel, and at once makes himself at home where the prim inmates of Toynbee Hall, if they hold the fort till the crack of doom, will be but strangers in the land. I do not pretend to admire the manner; it is Zolaism, but the best piece of Zolaism which any Englishman has yet done. Nay, it is in one way an improvement upon the master because it is terser and more concentrated. Many a point we might trace to its source—the Curate, Brother Victor, the terrible epilogue, and the victim screening the murderer, which is plainly suggested by a similar scene in 'La Terre.' But the picture is none the less original, certainly none the less truthful. Its grim humour is terrible. Mr. Kipling sees, and I only hope will make others see, how hideous is the hell in which pullulate the misbegotten, untrained, vicious Children, whom we call Men and Women of the unemployed and criminal classes —how noble and how beautiful are the varied efforts of all the Churches and Sects and Philanthropies and Humanities to palliate its horrors—and alas! how tentative, how ignorant, how blind to facts and first principles, how ill-judged, how ineffectual! He hints, he almost dares to say boldly, that these fellow citizens of ours, many of them voters, and so lawmakers, and your masters and mine—why blink the truth?—are practically a race apart. In spite of much teaching and preaching they only fool us into thinking they accept our civilisation. They have their own rude philosophy, their own superstitions and fetish worship, their own marriage customs, their own ethics, their own conceptions of Law and Justice, their own language. In all these we have no part unless we sink to their level. In fact, they are in the savage state, aboriginal or relapsed, and one might venture to suggest that an apprenticeship in the African or Pacific mission field would be no bad preparation for the London social reformer. But when we once face the facts they are not all repulsive. This Badalia—to my mind the most precious of all Mr. Kipling's creations—this impudent, practical, rowdy, befringed coster-wench is the mission-woman of the future. Whatever is done *for* the people must be done *through* the people—the rest will be done *by* the people themselves. One follows Badalia in her good works with intense interest, and by her tragic fate we lose a new friend. She is a grand creation, and might fitly stalk through three volumes. Though we have only known the saucy, warm-hearted, vain, faithful, womanly woman for a few pages, we are the better for it. Y. Y.

FRANCE UNDER THE REGENCY.*

The title of this book is a little misleading; the review of the administration of Louis XIV. occupies 320 pages out of 595; but as the Regency lasted only eight years, while the administration of Louis lasted over fifty, it is clear that the Regency is treated on a larger scale, as if it were the principal subject. Another reason for the choice of title may be that the writer is upon the whole more in sympathy with the Regent than with the King.

The book is very readable, almost as lucid as Macaulay, without any of his brilliancy; it ought to be decidedly useful. Mr. Perkins has read pretty nearly all the published memoirs, and even worked at unpublished documents. Probably professional students would find points to be corrected, but for the ordinary reader he is a trustworthy and intelligent guide to the meaning of events. Perhaps he is all the more useful that he starts with all the prejudices of a *fin-de-siecle* American. A writer who instinctively prefers Lincoln and Cromwell is the fitter to counteract the unjust depreciation of Louis XIV. which has been in fashion in England since the time of Thackeray. Lincoln grew into an ideal standard-bearer of a democracy resisting an appeal from the ballot to the bullet. Cromwell, far and away the ablest man of the three, was an admirable chief of a provisional government, and all the better because he never avowed his aims, and probably died without knowing what he had wanted. Louis XIV. always, from the death of Mazarin till he died, knew exactly what he wanted, and understood his position perfectly. For more than thirty years he was enthusiastically obeyed by abler men than himself, who effected more in his service than they could have effected under other conditions; a king like Louis was both a better and a pleasanter master for a Frenchman who could serve the State than a minister like Richelieu or Mazarin. Of course he took himself too seriously, and made some grave mistakes. When he insisted that the French Embassy should protect ruffians of all kinds from the papal police, he acted quite in the spirit of the nation which still insists that the French flag shall protect Arab slavers from English cruisers. When he resolved to pay to James III. the same empty honours which he had paid to James II., it is a question whether he ought to have foreseen that neither William III. nor his Parliament would be as patient as Louis himself was of the persistence with which William and both the Jameses kept up the absurd habit of calling themselves Kings of France, but with Louis's standard of propriety, to which he was admirably faithful, he had hardly a choice but to take the risk; he was probably strong enough, if the unique combination of the highest diplomatic and military ability in Marlborough had not shaken his power to the foundations at Blenheim. Mr. Perkins makes it very clear that in all the disputes about the Spanish succession he was decidedly more upright and more reasonable than his Austrian rival. The account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is one of the best things in the book; it is made quite clear that the number of emigrants, like the injury to France, was much exaggerated. Languedoc, where the Huguenots were strongest, was the most prosperous province of France before the measures against the Huguenots began, and so i was after they were over. Louis probably did not mean to

*'France under the Regency.' Perkins. (Macmillan and Co.)

sanction what was worst in the dragonnades; soldiers had to be billeted on the population; he was responsible for ordering first that converts should be favoured, next that pressure should be put on obstinate Protestants. After a time he found this did more harm than good, and was inclined to leave Protestants who kept quietly to their own creed alone. Mr. Perkins perhaps hardly allows enough for the persistent tendency of Huguenots to act as a state in the state; their grandees were an important factor in the Fronde, and when the Catholic reaction had won its last victories in the movement which swept back Condé and Turenne and the Rohans into the old fold, the temptation to put pressure upon the *bourgeoisie* to follow the *noblesse* was strong. It would have been worth while to tell us how far that pressure proved effective, and what was the exact legal position of those who passively resisted it. Probably they had freedom of conscience upon easier terms than Roman Catholics in England, certainly than Roman Catholics in Ireland; on the other hand, they had even less freedom of worship.

Mr. Perkins' book is adapted on the whole to give his readers a better opinion of Louis; it will give them a worse opinion of Colbert, who comes out as an honest man with no particular talent beyond providing for the efficient working of a cumbrous routine, who did much more by his imperfect attempts to secure freedom of internal commerce than by his well-meant endeavours to foster manufactures by a system of protection. Law's series of enterprises is also very clearly and carefully explained; full justice is done to his many glimpses of economic truth, and he is entitled to all the benefit of this remark: "The ruin of Law's system was due to the absurd prices to which speculation carried the shares of the company, and to his endeavours to maintain fictitious valuations by the purchase of shares at vastly more than had been received for them." Dubois is cleared of most of the mud with which the readers of Saint Simon have pelted him; he was no worse than most political priests in his morals, though they had better birth and manners; the real scandal was that he had the impudence to rise so high, being ill-born and ill-bred, without even propitiating public opinion by professional virtues. Alberoni gets rather hard measure; his scheme of rehabilitating Spain by seizing the Italian possessions which by the treaty of Utrecht were to go to Austria or her Savoyard ally, was not in itself absurd, though it suited the Regent's personal interests, which coincided with one possible theory of the interests of France, to baulk the ambition of Spain. The Regency began with an appearance of aristocratic reaction, and it is one of the weak points of the book that the aims of the nobility are never explained; the heroes and heroines of the Fronde were, as he tells us, selfish and frivolous gamblers, but they appealed, not always in vain, to a large body of disinterested public opinion; the Duke of Burgundy intended, and the Duke of Orleans pretended to renew the appeal, which no doubt would have failed, because most of the nobility, like St. Simon, were bad men of business. Still it would have been better worth while to explain the meaning of the appeal than to reiterate the improbable opinion that the breakdown of orthodoxy was due to the controversy about Jansenism. Though ecclesiastical authority be never so prudent, a cultivated and profligate society will test traditions sooner or later by its own experience of life; and there is no recognition whatever of the influence of Bayle, who summed up and initiated much.

G. A. SIMCOX.

TWO CRITICS OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.*

When and where is our present rage for introductions to end? Only unknown writers stand on their own merits nowadays. A book may be a classic, but it is deemed hardly prudent and safe for it to appear in our midst except under the conduct of some respectable literary citizen who will vouch that our valuable modern time will not be altogether wasted in its perusal. Théophile Gautier, not an antique nor an unknown Frenchman, is the subject of a study by M. Maxime DuCamp, who does not bear an obscure name. M. DuCamp's study is turned into English for us by Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Andrew Lang assures us, by his having taken the trouble to write a preface, that they are not impostors. But Mr. Lang has done what few introducers have the courage to do. He has not only written a graceful introduction, but there is piquancy in it too, for he and M. DuCamp do not agree. The French critic thinks Gautier was a great writer. Mr. Lang, we gather, does not. M. DuCamp loves him. Mr. Lang enjoys him, sometimes; has for him "a kind of affection and liking." M. DuCamp's tone, if at times, critical, is mainly enthusiastic. Mr. Lang's is generally apologetic. He feels Gautier's excellence, but perhaps he remembers that he is writing a popular introduction, and that Gautier is not a man to be easily thrust down the throats of Britishers who have not already voluntarily swallowed him. And there he is right. But the opposition, mainly one of degree, after all, between the two critics, gives a special interest to the English version of the book. This English version, by-the-bye, is, save for a few slips, well translated. The rendering of the extracts from Gautier's poems into English prose is accurately done, but the effect of such a rendering is never successful. The portrait chosen is better than the one in the French edition. A selected bibliography would have been a useful addition for English students, and would have entailed little trouble, for the work is already fully done.

As for M. DuCamp's study, it is an interesting bit of work seriously undertaken. It is biographical only to a moderate extent, certainly not biographical in the present day sense of being gossippy. The outline of Gautier's career is given, with the facts that are well known hardly amplified. The critical part is, however, full and sufficient. M. DuCamp's contention is that had Gautier had a fortune, however modest, and been released from journalism, he would have left a greater body of poetry and greater works. Gautier certainly thought so himself. Mr. Lang thinks no. "Like other men," he says, "Théophile Gautier did what he could, and what it was in him to do. . . . We feel a conviction that, if Gautier had been more ardently and essentially a poet, he, too, would have found or made a way by which he might devote himself to his art." This is a comfortable way of looking at the matter, but it is not conclusive, and it strikes one as a trifle ungenerous. M. DuCamp is reticent about the details of his circumstances, but the single letter he prints reveals something which it was hard for a dutiful and affectionate nature like Gautier's—and he had these bourgeois virtues—to strive against. Ample confirmation, too, of this can be found outside M. DuCamp. And if Mr. Lang's contention is right and wholesome for nearly all the world, we feel it is wrong for Gautier. The very temperament which in him made for literary excellence, forbade a struggle beyond a certain point with circumstances. Had his freedom from journalistic drudgery only meant more romances and poems of the quality he has left and nothing better, that were matter enough for regret. Gautier did no poor work. And his bending to circumstances was brave and loyal, at least. That Mr. Lang owns; but his citation of the case of M. Paul de Saint Victor has really nothing to do with the case. Very likely that gentleman did fail in his more sustained work, but he was not Théophile Gautier, and few will agree with M. DuCamp, or with Mr. Lang's partial endorsement of his statement, that Gautier's lost great work was perhaps in the direction of literary history. "Two slim volumes of exquisite verse; a romance not of the most enthralling; a novel, which lies patent to the censure of moralists, and a few short stories." Such is Mr. Lang's account of all that Gautier has given us for a "great work." And in his advice to English readers, he has belittled Gautier. The 'Ménagerie Intime' and the 'Tableaux du Siège,' good as they are, have been outrivalled many a time, and there is little use persuading to friendship with Gautier those who will not agree to place, after his poems, 'Le Capitaine Fracasse' and 'Mademoiselle de Maupin.' The latter he calls a novel without heart. That it is not; but were it so, and were it everything he says—and very likely it is—in the way of sensuousness, it remains, nevertheless, perhaps the most striking revelation that anywhere exists of the non-human dreams and strivings in the human heart. Though why non-human?

*'Théophile Gautier.' By Maxime DuCamp. Translated by J. E. Gordon. Preface by Andrew Lang. With Portrait. Great French Writers. (Unwin.)

—the strangers in this world are not so few, and Gautier, in a boyish and somewhat Wertherian spirit, but genuinely, has spoken for them. Yet it was needful that Mr. Lang should say something of what he has said, for M. DuCamp's rather cavalier treatment of the subject might well be misunderstood by English readers, for whom he was not writing. The common human sympathies that are wanting in the novel are abundant, at all events, in the romance, and when we take up Gautier's essay on Scarron, it is not of Scarron's strolling players, but of Isabel and Sigognac we think when we read, "Qui de nous d'ailleurs n'a suivi comme le Destin, en imagination du moins, dans les route effondrées du Mans, quelque Mademoiselle de l'Estoile sur la charette enbourbée des comediens? N'est-ce-pas l'histoire éternelle de la jeunesse et de ses illusions?"

If one finds oneself out of tune with some of the matter of Mr. Lang's graceful little introduction, it is not because one can accept M. DuCamp as an infallible guide. For instance, he treats Gautier's long essay on on 'Les Progrès de la Poésie Française,' as perhaps his most valuable critical work. It is, indeed, good task work, fulfilled with industry and conscientiousness. But plainly it is task work. He was hampered by the circumstances of the task—it was a commission from the Government—and he could not and did not speak freely. It is chiefly interesting for the glimpse it gives of Gautier's attitude towards the newer school of poetry—the Parnassus—and for the statement it contains about his own poetical methods. It is in the study of his poetry that M. DuCamp is really masterly. His interpretation of Gautier's aims and principles is the best certainly that has appeared, and here, except that M. DuCamp accepts Gautier's artistic ideal quite naturally, the two critics are agreed.

G-Y.

THREE CENTURIES OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.*

This is a very clever and agreeable book, though its contents fail to fulfil the promise of its title-page. Mr. Walker has given in it a series of decidedly telling sketches of Scottish writers, beginning with Sir David Lindsay, to whom justice is done as a fearless and poetic precursor of the Reformation in Scotland, and ending with Sir Walter Scott, who, by a few lines in 'Marmion,' has familiarised with Sir David Lindsay's name thousands wholly ignorant of his career and writings. Next in fulness to the sketches of Sir David and Sir Walter are those of George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, and Burns. The other Scottish writers whom Mr. Walker deals with are more or less skilfully arranged in groups under such headings as the Anglo-Scottish poets of the seventeenth century—Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir Robert Ayton, and the rest; the earlier Anglo-Scottish school of the eighteenth century, in which Thomson of 'The Seasons' is the most notable figure; and the later Anglo-Scottish school of the same century, in which are thrown together writers so dissimilar as Wilkie of 'The Epigoniad,' John Home of 'Douglas,' Falconer of 'The Shipwreck,' Beattie of 'The Minstrel,' and Ossian-Macpherson. There are also chapters on the Popular Ballads and Earlier Songs of Scotland, in which the reasonable claims of a greater or less antiquity to some of both these classes, in one form or another, are effectively maintained. A well-written chapter on John Knox, sympathetic while discriminating, is a recast of an article contributed to a Scottish periodical, the great religious reformer making his appearance among Scottish writers as the author of the History of the Reformation in Scotland, certainly a very notable production from a merely literary point of view. The sketches of writers are biographical as well as critical. Thanks to the labours of such men as David Laing, David Irving, and of their followers, not very much research was required by Mr. Walker in the biographical section of his task. But he is both more artistic and more reflective than the majority of his predecessors, and writes in a more popular and animated style than theirs. The skill with which he interweaves the biographical and the critical, and his introduction of characteristic extracts from the writings which he analyses, tend to make his book one eminently readable. His chief fault is diffuseness and over-elaboration. Certainly, in the chapters devoted to Scott and Burns, with whose lives and works most of those interested in Scottish literature are acquainted, the biographical narrative is overdone, and the extracts too many and often too familiar. But disproportion of this kind is seldom conspicuous. Fair measure is meted out to the obscurer men, such as Alexander Ross and the anonymous author of the spirited 'Albania,' which Leyden fortunately reprinted in his Scottish Descriptive Poems. In his critical estimates, Mr. Walker is judicial, and never lets enthusiasm run away with him. His criticism, too, is often of a kind which may be called philosophical. This is specially noticeable when he traces the ultimate effect of the reproduction of the old lyrical poetry of Scotland by Allan Ramsay and his followers, and of Thomson's 'Seasons,' at a time when the artificial school of Pope was supreme in England, in leading to that "naturalism" in English poetry which reached its acme in Wordsworth, and which is generally ascribed exclusively to the influence of Cowper and Burns. It is strange that, holding this view, Mr. Walker does not lay more stress on the impetus given by Allan Ramsay's collections to the production of Percy's epoch-making 'Reliques.'

Considerable as are the merits of Mr. Walker's book, it cannot, however, be said to be anything like an adequate account of the literature of Scotland between the close of the third decade of the sixteenth century, to which the composition of Sir David Lindsay's earliest poem is assigned, and the death of Sir Walter Scott in 1832. Armstrong and Mickle, John Logan and Michael Scott are here, but where is Thomas Campbell, whose 'Pleasures of Hope' appeared long before the earliest of the Waverley Novels? Where is that genuine Scottish poet and prose-writer, Sir Walter Scott's contemporary, the Ettrick Shepherd? Hume, Robertson, Henry Mackenzie, in the eighteenth; Jeffrey, Wilson, and Galt in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century surely did something for "the Literature of Scotland," but they are ignored by Mr. Walker. A history of that literature, say from the Union to the death of Sir Walter Scott, is a promising enterprise which ought to be undertaken by some competent Scotchman. Meanwhile, let us thank Mr. Walker for having furnished so creditable a specimen of what such a work might be.

* 'Three Centuries of Scottish Literature.' By Hugh Walker, M.A., Professor of English in St. David's College, Lampeter. (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons. 1891.)

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S ANNALS.*

Most writers of reminiscences tell us as much as they can of the things and people they have seen; it was Bishop Wordsworth's object to put on record what he could be sure about, what he had done himself, and only to speak of other men as they helped him or hindered him in his work. Some readers will find such a method egotistical; others will recognise the true modesty of scrupulous uprightness which abstains from judging others. Probably the late Bishop of St. Andrews did find his own personality rather more interesting than most of us find ours. His preface may be read as it was written, with a sort of grave amusement; he weighs the testimony of the reviewers who find his pretty occasional verses a relief against the complaints of other reviewers, that the verses are on the level of occasional verse; he replies to a reviewer who said that he was nothing to Newman by quoting a letter from Father Neville, which proves that Newman really valued a book he had given him, and thought kindly to the last of the giver. Throughout one notices that Bishop Wordsworth was grateful for slight and distant courtesies; he perhaps hardly knew very well how he looked to other men; he certainly never went a hair's breadth out of the path he judged it right to choose to gain their good will or good opinion, but approbation was the breath of life to him; it seems as if the testimony of his own good conscience armed him against blame.

This volume contains the history of the central years of the life of one of whom, as he records, a good judge said he might have done anything, who spent forty years as a

* 'Annals of my Life, 1847-1856.' Wordsworth. (Longmans.)

not very influential leader of a not very influential Church. Wordsworth went to Glenalmond in 1847; he was elected Bishop of St. Andrews in 1852; in 1854 Gladstone, with the help of the Duke of Buccleuch, forced him to resign his position at Glenalmond, which had fallen into financial difficulties. Possibly Wordsworth was a little inclined to hope that the bishops, when they met at Aberdeen, would refuse to accept his resignation; they contented themselves with complimenting him on his magnanimity. His rule had been pretty successful; one year he had as many as nineteen new boys, which the Primus characterised as "a vast accession." The boys were fond of him, and used to waylay him and the other masters with bouquets on the way to chapel; but he puzzled and probably offended public opinion by some of his regulations; he made the boys wear surplices in chapel and play games in their shirt-sleeves (apparently they needed making), and the Northern sages thought both savoured of popery. What was more curious, the boys had to wear their gowns everywhere outside the college, even in their country walks, and it was expressly enacted that when they took them off to play games they were to hang them up in their studies, not lay them down on the ground. Such regulations explain the probably unfounded report that they were glad to get rid of him at Winchester, where he had proved himself a valuable though a troublesome colleague; for instance, having missed a confirmation, he gravely invited the new communicants to tell him their sins, though he disapproved of Sacramental Confession.

His conscientious sense of the value of the principles which he was anxious to hold quite correctly made it hard for him not to be meddlesome and censorious; he could not help being scrupulous, which is itself a grave misfortune. If he had been content to preach Church principles and leave Church and State to politicians, his academical and athletic prestige and his friendship with Gladstone and Roundell Palmer might have carried him far. As it was, he gained little beyond early information as to the movements of Gladstone's mind. Many were alarmed when the uncompromising author of a mystical book on Church and State supported Peel in his endowment of Maynooth. Wordsworth was privileged to know that Gladstone held himself dispensed from upholding a programme which had not received the support of the Church; it did not occur to him when he put it forward to give notice that he only did so provisionally, but in the general election of 1847 he did warn persons in Wordsworth's position that in his judgment that was nearly the last election in which they would have a chance of exercising a choice as to prospective Church policy. In 1851 he had formed the habit of saying that we (who did he mean by "we"?), "having yielded the principle" of equality "in the State's treatment of religion, however faulty the original concession may have been, we could not stop where we were—we must go further; the concession was 'a point not to be argued upon, but to be argued from.'" He waxed enthusiastic about the principle of "freedom of conscience impartially granted to a variety of communions," though there is no sign that he was yet personally inclined or prepared to draw the drastic inferences now fashionable from the abstract idea of religious equality. We hear a good deal in this connection of the views of Keble and his group, who were prepared to give up any amount of exclusive privilege at once and face the risk of disendowment for a very remote prospect of self-government, and meanwhile resolutely insisted on accepting some accomplished facts; whereas Wordsworth erected the connection of Church and State into an article of revealed religion, and maintained that National Repentance necessarily involved political reaction.

The book throws a good deal of light on the external and internal relations of Scottish Episcopalianism—a topic curious in itself, though of little general interest. The Scotch bishops and their clergy had inherited the traditions of the Nonjurors, and so, without knowing it, were ready-made "Puseyites." The majority of native Episcopalians had evaded persecution by importing clergy in English orders, and were more Protestant in feeling than the bishops, with whom they often preferred to have nothing to do. A section of the "Puseyites" were anxious to use the "Scotch Church," as the Old Catholics have used the Jansenists of Holland; a section of the "Scotch Church" was more than willing to be used. This section brought forward Bishop Eden, of Moray and Ross, as a successor to Bishop Torry. Wordsworth objected to their aims, and also objected to translations, and this reconciled him to voting for himself, and his vote turned the election, which might have been unanimous if he had not claimed to retain his comparatively lucrative post at Glenalmond. He found himself saddled with a scheme for building a cathedral, which was started by the "Puseyite" party in the vain hope that an "English" congregation at Perth, which had lately given up their schismatic attitude, would consent to merge themselves in the Scotch. He insisted that neither the cathedral nor St. John's should be bound to either the Scotch or the English liturgy; he set himself to provide diocesan funds, did what he could to discourage practices and disavow theories which would give needless scandal to Presbyterians, and set himself down patiently and hopefully to forty years of labour at the Sisyphean task of converting Scotland to a belief in the threefold ministry.

G. A. Simcox.

RELIGIO POETÆ.*

It is echoing some of Mr. Patmore's literary pessimism to call this book of religious and literary confessions very rare in kind. With the opinions he holds on modern literature he would say he hoped sincerely it was rare. But a book so individual, so consistent, so made out of one piece of mind, and withal so daring, would have been rare at any time. It is bound to have a life of its own, not a life for the many he will be glad to be assured. Its value does not lie in the new things it says, which are not many, but because it marks and names in fine, clear, precise hand the starting-places of a soul's voyagings. The precision of mind which is its strong characteristic is in great part responsible for the admirable style in which the essays are written.

Mr. Coventry Patmore has had a vision of life. He has seen it in its entirety, or what is to him its entirety, and all things in the world he has made conform in his mind to that vision, with an honesty, a logical sequence, and an apparent certainty of touch which are astonishing in a rather fumbling and compromising age like ours. Life to him is religion, love, and art. But though these may be regarded, for convenience, as separate entities, each with their separate local canons by which they are ruled and differentiated, yet they all owe obedience to one great over-hanging code, about the principles of which Mr. Patmore has satisfied himself. His theme is mainly religion, the Christian religion. He looks on Christianity as only in its infancy, not because it has been waking up of late, according to some recent controversialists, to a sense of its responsibility towards human and material needs, but because its spiritual truths have not as yet been apprehended by the world. But, indeed, they can never be apprehended accurately, says Mr. Patmore, except by the clear vision of poets and saints, who "see and touch beliefs and things with spiritual senses," who are also "quick to detect likenesses in external nature by which spiritual realities can alone be rendered credible, and more or less apparent to persons of inferior perceptive powers." "Again"—Mr. Patmore demands frequent quotations—"the poet always treats spiritual realities as the concrete and very credible things they really are. He has no slipshod notions about the immeasurable and 'infinite.' He knows, as Plato knew, that God Himself is most falsely described as infinite. God is the synthesis, as Proclus declares, in his treatise on the Fables of Homer, of 'Infinite' and 'Boundary,' and is excellently intelligible, though for ever unutterable, by those who love Him."

The poet and the Church are at one, the Church being the collective poetic sense which has seen and felt and touched the awful realities, and in obedience to inevitable laws, interpreted them in symbols. The sects that have thought to bring poor human nature into direct relation with God have failed, therefore, in the very thing they aimed at. Dogmas, symbols, after all represent the truth, but if there be no dogma, no symbol, only a groping in the "fire-mist,"

* 'Religio Poetæ.' By Coventry Patmore. (G. Bell and Sons.)

the result is less than ever. If only the few can pierce the dogma, that is as it should be. "There is a large body of knowledge which ought not to be and cannot be effectually communicated to all." Indeed he goes further and says, "Neither in ancient nor in modern times has there been a poet, worthy of that sacred name, who would not have been horrified had he fancied that the full meaning of his sayings would be discerned by more than ten in ten thousand of his readers."

The result of these principles is that he has clothed the whole of life with symbols. His logic runs riot, and the symbolic and sexual marks which he attaches to everything are often enough grotesque. His theory of naked truths to the few, allied as it is to spiritual and intellectual pride, has results which he never shrinks from. Christ did not come into the world to give bread to the hungry or liberty to the oppressed. He never said He would save all, but only a few. "Neighbourly service, which is usually (but not always) an inseparable accidental duty of Christian life, is very far indeed from being of primary consequence, though the rendering or not rendering of it—where there is no knowledge of a nobler service—may seriously affect the shallow heavens and the shallow hells of the feebly good and the feebly wicked. '"The elect soul," says another great experimentalist, "is a beautiful and beloved lady, of whom God demands not the indignity of service, but desires only her society and her person."'

Further practical results of Mr. Patmore's theories may be looked for in the essay on 'A Pessimist Outlook,' where in his survey of modern life many will possibly see nothing but selfish scorn and ignorance of realities. Possibly no woman will read the book without a certain loathing and shrinking, not because of Mr. Patmore's views on womankind, which are much like those of an orthodox Comtist, and which are familiar enough, but because of his sickly attitude of mind towards the whole relation between men and women. Yet it is not a book to treat controversially. Controversy and attack would be easy enough, but the value of the book would hardly be lessened even were its theories successfully contradicted, nor would its real position be assailed. 'Religio Poetæ' is the inevitable outcome of a temperament. It is not good, perhaps, to be so entirely out of tune with one's time, as Mr. Patmore is, but, at least, he is the zealous guardian of some neglected truths, and he has given these a covering that will not readily crumble to dust.

There is more in the book than has been suggested here, but the literary criticism where it is valuable, and it is too exaggerated to be all valuable, bears only on the theories of religion and art which he has already dealt with in the other essays. G-Y.

MADAME DARMESTETER'S POEMS.*

In her newest poems Madame Darmesteter sings of her newer home, but with more special tenderness of her old country:

"Green, O green with ancient peace, and full of sap and sunny,
Lusty fields of Warwickshire, O land of milk and honey."

In "Foreign Spring" there is another retrospect:

"Amid a purer, loftier sky
The foreign sun burns fair and bright;
O mistier fields! O tenderer light!
I pause a while and sigh."

But in this same little poem, which is very charming, I have nevertheless puzzled over the "laces" of the charlock flower. Has charlock "laces" in spring, even in foreign spring? Botanical criticism of poetry is doubtless very objectionable, but it is apt to intrude itself when poetry is ambitious of culling other posies than buttercups and daisies.

There are some dull poems in the book, mostly on learned subjects like "Irenæus contra Gnosticos," though the rhetoric in them is generally fine-sounding. Perhaps the legends at the end are the best. Madame Darmesteter has an exceptionally happy ballad knack, and her historical studies have suggested picturesque and not too hackneyed episodes. "Count Armaniac" is stirring, more stirring than the theme would suggest, for he only dies "of the water of a spring," and perhaps sunstroke too. And "Rosamunda" is a finely condensed ballad tragedy. Rosamunda is persuaded by her lover to poison her husband's wine. The tyrant husband is suspicious, and forces her to drink it herself, which she does. But first of all she has the real satisfaction of saying to his face:

"I drink it to my lover!
I drink it and I die!
My lover is the King o' France—
A dead woman am I."

"Captain Gold and French Janet," in a minor key, some verses of "The Three Kings," and the others already named, amply justify Madame Darmesteter's use of the tempting and perilous ballad metre. There is music in her verse when she adopts comparatively simple forms, but "Fair Ghosts," where a more out-of-the-way metre is chosen, opens forbiddingly:

"When the extreme of autumn whirls the oakleaf from the forest."

Her abundant nobility of sentiment is nearly always saved from gush by its austerity of expression, and this is proved to some purpose in "The Widow," a dangerous subject. But as much cannot be said of "Liberty," which is windy and not free from cant. Her love of the contemplative and ideal life is more honestly, as well as more poetically, set forth in "The Bookworm":

"O Life! so full of truths to teach,
Of secrets I shall never reach,
O world of Here and Now;
Forgive, forgive me, if a voice,
A ghost, a memory, are my choice,
And more to me than Thou!"

There are not many contemporary books of verse with so much that is genuine and beautiful in them as 'Retrospect.'

* 'Retrospect, and other Poems.' By A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter). Cameo Series. (Unwin.)

LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN.*

They have never been rightly incorporated into our literature of passion, these letters that Marianna Alcoforado sent from her convent at Beja to the Marquis of Chamilly, the French soldier who had won her heart during his sojourn in Portugal with Schomberg's army. This is not the first English version of them, certainly, but their English fame has not been wide. There have been more than thirty editions in French; but then they were written to a French officer and published first of all in French. They were published, impossible as it seems to us, in the lifetime of Chamilly, and probably at his instigation; it was a thing to be proud of evidently in his circle——and not secretly proud either—to have broken a woman's heart, especially as she was of the nobility and a nun, and made her run the risk of the Inquisition. It was a feather in his cap, and he flaunted it. Yet when all is said and done and read, there is Chamilly's side of the question to be looked at, too. He was a valiant soldier, and became a Marshal of France. But emotionally, and probably intellectually there is evidence that he was stupid. Saint-Simon, who was his good friend, does his memory the doubtful turn of saying that "No one, after seeing him or hearing him speak, could understand how he had inspired such an unmeasured love." It was a misfortune, doubtless, and must certainly have been inconvenient, to make love in a commonplace fashion, and to rouse in response such a stormy ocean of devotion and despair. A result of that kind does not enter into the calculations of a man like Chamilly, and all through the letters we have a sneaking touch of sympathy with him.

The letters are five in number. After the fifth, a very angry one, Marianna very sensibly broke off the correspondence, and lived to be eighty-three. It is difficult to rise to the level of the enthusiasm which they have sometimes inspired, and it is a pity that comparisons have been made between them and those of Heloïse, with which they have nothing in common. But that they must touch the

* 'The Letters of a Portuguese Nun.' Translated by Edgar Prestage. (Nutt.)

heart of everyone who reads them is certain. They are simple, passionate outpourings of love that is perfectly genuine and altogether unashamed. They are the cries and appeals of a direct and forceful nature, at once grasping in its desire for response, and tender, primitive in its emotions, vacillating every other moment in its expression, but loyal always. The tone is ever: I adore you. How cruel you are! How I adore your cruelty! "Love me always and make me suffer still more!" "How I wish that I had never seen you. Ah! I feel how false this phrase is!" She begs him not to deceive her with empty words. He answers, telling her the truth probably, that he had found another lady of colder temperament whom it was more convenient to bestow his affections on, that, in fact, he was settling in life; and she says, "Did I ever ask you to tell me the truth sincerely? Why did you not leave me my love? You had only not to write; I did not seek to be enlightened." Her illusion at last passes away, and she owns she has allowed herself to be enchanted by very mediocre qualities. "I have loved you as a mad woman might." But amid all her stormy contradictions she was learning some truths which probably outlived the stress of her passion. "Love of itself does not engender love," and "How much happier it is, and how much more poignant it is to love violently than to be loved."

The letters have been rendered into English with much force and grace by the editor. He has ransacked all Senhor Cordeiro's labours on the subject for the information of English readers, and has added a bibliography, and the French version of Guilleraque, their first translator from the Portuguese MS., which was early lost. It was a task worth taking trouble over. Of all the poor souls who have loved not wisely but too well none have poured out their love more fresh and warm from the heart than this sorrowful nun. And so charged with life are her words that through the fair type of this English version the reader must surely see the tear-blotted pages that Marianna entrusted to the care of some gallant cavalier to take to the stranger land to melt the hard heart of her false lover, who had already found other consolation.

CAPTAIN COOK'S JOURNAL.*

To most persons the announcement that 'Captain Cook's Journal of his First Voyage round the World' is now published for the first time, will come as a surprise. They will be under the impression that they always knew it, that they read it, at least in their adventurous boyhood, and have had it stowed away in their well-regulated libraries ever since. The facts of the case are curious enough, and mark the difference between old and new editing. Banks, afterwards Sir Joseph, who sailed with Cook, kept a journal too. So did Solander, the Swedish naturalist. Dr. Hawkesworth was entrusted with all three journals to arrange them for publication. On the whole he cooked an excellent dish out of them, choosing perhaps the most striking passages from each of the diaries, many of these passages being dictated by the scientific enthusiasm of Banks and Solander. But the editor put in a good deal of himself too, which was less good, and he paraphrased some of the simple speech of the originals into what he considered more dignified English. And to save himself trouble, or because he considered Cook represented the expedition, and had best be held responsible for everything connected with it, he put the whole into Cook's mouth.

Captain Wharton has now after this long interval published Cook's original document, and if he or some other were to do the same for Banks, it would be a fitting tribute to the memory of the great botanist. At all events the present work is fully justified. Cook as a man of intellect, and responsible for the success of the expedition, was to a large extent interested in the researches of his colleagues, the botanists, naturalists, and astronomers. But it misrepresents him to make him the mouthpiece of men who were specialists in subjects of which he knew little. The kind of man he was is best seen from his own words, and readers of Mr. Besant's excellent biography, from which Captain Wharton freely borrows in his memoir with grateful acknowledgment, will find this edition of Cook's Journal the best possible supplement, giving freshness and life to the second-hand report. The ideal explorer is revealed in the day-to-day record, the sleepless energy, the accurate eye, the close observation of natural things, of the natives, aspects, and customs of a country, which produced Cook's happy knack of naming places. But still more does the journal reveal the commander, or rather the manager of men, who attended to every individual want and interest in the expedition, who kept up health and spirits and success by the most unremitting care and watchfulness and freedom from prejudice, and who with obstinate will and tact persuaded those under him to tempt untried dangers and adopt untried remedies.

Captain Cook's style of narrative can be seen, of course, in his account of his Second Voyage, which he edited himself for publication. This one was never edited by him. But revised or not his writing is simple, business-like, precise, and with all the picturesqueness of a man who fully realises what he was going through, but does not stop too long to choose his words. At its best it is the style that Defoe aimed at, and, with his artistic gifts and intention, surpassed. The account of the ship's danger outside Barrier Reef is a good example of how Cook noted and described details, and reveals in a word or two the spirit with which he had inspired his men:—"Still we had hardly any hopes of saving the ship, and full as little our lives, as we were full ten leagues from the nearest land, and the boats not sufficient to carry the whole of us; yet in this Truly Terrible situation, not one man ceased to do his utmost, and that with as much Calmness as if no danger had been near."

He is rarely personal in his reflections, but the hardships, his ambitions, and the ignorant expectations of landsmen once wrung this out of him, "Was it not from the pleasure which naturally results to a man from his being the first discoverer, even was it nothing more than Land or Shoals, this kind of service would be insupportable, especially in far distant parts like this, Short of Provisions, and almost every other necessary. People will hardly admit of an excuse for a Man leaving a Coast unexplored he has once discovered." But extracts give little idea of what is the main interest of the journal, the evidence of the high intelligence, the personal care, the fairness, that made for the success of the great explorer. As Captain Wharton, says, "Wherever Cook went he finished his work."

The book is a handsome one, though unavoidably rather ponderous. The editor has bestowed great pains on his choice of charts, Cook's and more modern ones, old prints, and facsimiles, to illustrate the text, and in all respects has done his work well.

* 'Captain Cook's Journal during his First Voyage round the World.' A literal transcription of the original MSS. Edited by Captain W. J. L. Wharton, R.N., F.R.S. (Elliot Stock.)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE RIVERS OF DEVON, From Source to Sea. By John Lloyd Warden Page. (Seeley.)

This book is addressed to the tourist, but with its etchings and other beautiful illustrations, it seems almost too luxurious for a guide-book. It is a trifle too big, and much too respectably bound, for a knapsack. But three weeks or so before you take the road it is the very book to procure. You will study it thenceforth night and day, and quote from it to an ignorant and awestruck companion on appropriate occasions en route. Mr. Page is an authority on West Country topography and legend; his books on Dartmoor and Exmoor are already well known, but his subject seems nearly inexhaustible. This book is very full of the things a wanderer at leisure wants to know. From the source to the sea he follows the streams. The villages, churches, bridges, and mansions near their banks, all suggest scraps of history or legend or useful description. Fishers and their interests, too, are not ignored, though it is for the picturesque traveller that Mr. Page particularly caters. He has gathered together a wonderful collection of local lore, which has fascination even for those with no West Country holidays in immediate prospect. It is pleasant to read of this county of deep valleys and cool watercourses, and to make plans of wanderings and loiterings by Tamar, Dart, and Axe.

TERESA, and other Poems. By James Rhoades. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

A good translation in verse of the 'Æneid,' lately published (Longmans), first brought Mr. Rhoades' name into notice. The book of poems before us proves he can do original work too, and that he is no ordinary trivial rhymer. 'Teresa,' a one-act tragedy, is crude enough, but there is in it real human passion and some noble verse. A drama of the thirteenth century, it is never ridiculously archaic, and its story of a blind woman's passion and sacrifice gains our sympathies. But Mr. Rhoades is more at ease in lyric measures, where he varies the sterner themes of love and heroism and death with pictures of "bowery hill-encircled Shere" and other Surrey nooks. Now and again he sinks low enough. Wordsworth was prosing in his ear when he wrote the sonnet with the dismal queries:

> "But was he
> Indeed a hero that here fell—Dundee,
> In Killiecrankie's woful-glorious fight,
> Or, sworn to a bad cause, darkness for light,
> A monster——"

And so on.

The memorial verses are, as usual, nearly all bad, and the sonnets barely praiseworthy, but in a substantial remnant there is poetry, and brightness and lightness. One of the prettiest lyrics is the "Christmas carol":

> "Say, how shall we find Him, so far to seek?
> To yon dear manger we may not win!
> He houseth Him still with the poor and meek,
> And maketh the mourner His lowly inn.
> Who empties his heart in the oxen's stall,
> He findeth it filled with the Lord of all."

It has the real carol ring, and waits for music. The volume ends with an amusing colloquy between the Public and the Minor Poet, the worst used of all the servants of the Muses.

MODERN PAINTING. By George Moore. (W. Scott.)

This book is made up of chapters on modern English and French pictures and painters which have already served as critiques in the *Speaker*. But they were first of all bits of a book, and now arranged in their original order, they have sequence, consistency, and are of more than mere passing interest. Mr. Moore writes very brightly, and he has the rare advantage, for an art critic, of knowing what he is talking about. Not regarding himself merely in the light of an amiable showman, he does not point out what the public likes to see, but what it would like to see if it happened to be artistic. Yet his indictment of stupid persons is more genial than might be expected. A small fraction of the book has no interest for the general reader; the greater part will provide him with amusement, if nothing else—'Our Academicians,' 'The Alderman in Art,' 'Religiosity in Art,' for instance. His criticisms, his likings and dislikings, may be acceptable or not—he is sublimely authoritative at times—yet one cannot help feeling that few critics have so clearly understood the province of art, the relation of art to life, to literature, the differences between them, and the limitations of each.

WOMEN ADVENTURERS. Edited by Ménie Muriel Dowie. Adventure Series. (Unwin.)

Our appetite for the exploits of these ladies was a little spoilt by the warning which the preface gives not to admire them. The editress is a modern heroine, and feels the superiority of modern ideas, the higher motives of modern adventures, and is evidently a little afraid lest her readers should fall in love with these very improper and depraved masqueraders, Mesdames Velasquez, Hannah Snell, Mary Anne Talbot, and Christian Davies. "I do not take the ladies or their legends seriously enough," she says, "to think them worth so excessive a labour"—as annotating their narrative would entail. The introduction is vigorous, but a little ungracious. There was little danger that our appreciation of the noble moderns should pale before our admiration of these gallant viragos. We should hardly have looked for exceptional morality or refinement in them, but we should have been content to take them without apology, as we do their sister, Mademoiselle de Maupin. But though the preface acts as a wet blanket, there is enough piquancy in the lives to partly counteract its effect. Of all the adventurers, it is Mrs. Christian Davies, Marlborough's dragoon, that most tickles our fancy. In her we see not what the editress would perhaps long to see, an ideal, but also not what the editress sees, with sorrow, in all her adventuresses, a motive with a man in it. Husbands certainly played a considerable part in Christian's life, but the search for that poor creature, her first husband, was but a thin pretext for her soldiering. A love of adventure in its most exaggerated shape was joined in her to a genuine and exceptional interest in military movements. The fascination of her narrative consists mainly in its unblushingness and its absence of cant. To her lost husband she occasionally gave a thought for a while, but her regrets were not inconsolable. "As we lay quiet all the winter my husband, whom the hurry of the war had in a manner banished, occurred to my memory, and I made what inquiry I could after him, but in vain; therefore I endeavoured, as I concluded him for ever lost, to forget him, as the melancholy remembrance of him brought upon me profited him nothing, while it consumed me. To do this I had recourse to wine and company, which had the effect I wished, and I spent the season pretty cheerfully." She was not above her trade. "I have already said that he (Count Leuwenstein-Worthem) miserably plundered the poor inhabitants of this electorate; I had left the hospital in time enough to contribute to their misery, and to have a share in the plunder. We spared nothing, killing, burning, and otherwise destroying whatever we could not carry off." When her sex was discovered she undertook to cook for the regiment, but found cooking but a tame occupation. "I did not long carry on this business, as the close attendance it required prevented my marauding, which was vastly more beneficial." The latter days of this bold dragoon were marked by many vicissitudes and several husbands. At one time she was reduced to selling "farthing pies and strong liquors." But rest and military honours came at last in Chelsea Hospital, where she died, it is said, aged a hundred and eight.

Mrs. Norman has compiled a very amusing book. When it reaches a second edition, which it deserves to do, let us hope that she will revise her preface, and deny even the honour of mention to the old controversies, about which she is so facetious, but which are so very far removed from those strapping heroines, Mrs. Christian Davies and her sisters-in-arms.

THE HUMOUR OF AMERICA. Selected, with an Introduction and Index of American Humourists. By James Barr. (W. Scott.)

In his introduction, instead of giving us a dissertation on the respective ranks of the many American humourists, Mr. Barr remarks, "It occurred to me that a new and delightful feature might be added to a book of humour if the reader were permitted the privilege of forming his own conclusions, and choosing for himself his favourites among the authors." It is not only in this respect that he is unconventional. His whole selection shows it. He is very catholic; instead of a great deal of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Artemus Ward and Max Adler, we are given these in great moderation, and in company with Bill Nye, J. W. Riley, Will Carleton, Luke Sharp, and Eugene Field. Holmes, too, appears, and so do Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Hawthorne, and Washington Irving. Even Thoreau! His appearance should not, after all, be surprising. He was a great practical humourist. But his humour is not very well represented by such an aphorism as, "A man sits as many risks as he runs." "The Boys around the House" we don't find very amusing, nor the "Echo Song" of T. B. Aldrich, nor "Peck's Bad Boy," nor the madrigal, "Wouldn't you like to know?" of J. G. Saxe. One looks in vain for a trace of 'The Biglow Papers.' But that omission is part of the humour. The conclusion one comes to on looking through the book is that much of the humour of America is very bad, but that there is a good deal of it. However, if Mr. Barr has been a little overtolerant, he has at least been wise in not stuffing his book full of funny things. It is a relief not to be on the broad grin all the time.

CATALOGUE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL LIBRARY. By W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D. (Elliot Stock.)

Antiquarians and bibliographers are alike interested in the appearance of this catalogue, which has been compiled by Dr. Simpson, the librarian. It is not the catalogue only

that is due to him. The library shelves contain many more valuable books than when he first took the office in 1862. It has been mainly under his care that the Paul's Cross Sermons and the works on the Cathedral have been gathered together, which will make smooth some of the paths of the future historian of London. The literature bearing on the funerals of Nelson and Wellington—to take a popular instance—is very considerable in bulk. There is still much collecting to do, and an ingenious and admirable section of the appendix is headed Desiderata—books that should be, but are not, in the library. The catalogue could not be made complete except at the expense of important bibliographical detail, but it contains a full list of the Bibles, rituals, rare books, and works relating to London and the Cathedral. The following testimony of Dr. Simpson to a former worker in his field is of interest:—"Amongst those who have laboured lovingly in the Cathedral library should be especially commemorated the brilliant author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' Richard Harris Barham, of most facetious memory. He found the library in a sadly neglected condition, and 'it pitied him to see it in the dust.' His carefully written reports, which are still extant, led to the repair of many volumes which might else have perished. He was much more than a mere wit. He was an ardent bibliographer, as some notes in his fine, clear hand in many of the rarer books still testify."

UNDER THE HAWTHORN, and other Verse. By Augusta de Cruchy. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

A little handful of verses, mostly good. But if they were worse, a kindly welcome should be assured them by their prelude:

"If crude their notes, like those of some tame bird
Recaptured after loss, that tries repeat
Every new thrill and quaver that he heard
Near stranger nests, yet use my make them sweet;
Enough. Fit thou to each poor air its words."

Few as are the verses, they show considerable variety of inspiration and sympathy. There is no very direct imitation in them, but among "the thrills and quavers heard near stranger nests" some recall to us familiar tunes, notably Mrs. Browning's. Miss De Cruchy can be dull. Her poems about pictures are mostly so, and the exclamatory parentheses in

"Did we believe . . .
That noble deeds of ours (how rare!) inspire, etc.,
That faults of ours (how frequent!) can," etc.,

are exasperating. But 'Under the Hawthorn' has a tender charm about it. In 'The Seasons' she shows a rare intelligence of Nature's moods, and 'Dreams in a Prison Van'—a man's vision of a country home, and wife and child and peace, from which he wakes to find himself at the prison gate—is really striking and dramatic.

BREAK OF DAY, and other Poems. By Rollo Russell. (Unwin.)

From beginning to end of this book of verse there is not a sentiment that is not admirable. If poetry were the expression in metre of a belief in noble things, then the Hon. Rollo Russell would be a poet. As it is, he makes very fair verse, which has the rare merit of being serious and very unaffected. 'Break of Day' is written, sometimes, in the style of Hogg's 'Skylark'—

"Up to the glowing sky, up to the heavens high," etc.
"Burst from infirmity, plunge in eternity,
Lowly and gentle alight on the lea."

He has an affection for this quick-motioned verse. Sometimes he uses it effectively, as in the beginning of 'Youth'—

"Lifting of hearts in the joy of the morning,
Bright hope and bravery, trusting and scorning."

But it is a metre that begets claptrap, and so we have

"Anthem of labour, and servitude choral,
Poesy flashing in streamers auroral."

The translations are bad, especially those of 'Du bist wie eine Blume' and 'Heidenröslein,' which are execrable. The hymns and orisons are no better or worse than the average of their kind. But Mr. Russell has something worthy to show. 'Giordano Bruno in Prison' is full of dignity and power. 'Respice,' too, is good, and even original; for it is original to hold that a man's early happy memories do not wound but heal his later pain. And the picture of the double life of activity and contemplation is finely suggested in the lines, 'To my Mother':

"A quiet garden next the mart,
A hymn heard in the city's heart."

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY in 1689, as set forth in the Literary Remains of Colonel the Rev. George Walker, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Philip Dwyer. (E. Stock.)

The literary remains of the Rev. George Walker contained a great deal of picturesque history. His "True Account of the Siege," and his "Vindication of the True Account," cannot be neglected by any students of the revolutionary struggle in Ireland. These are here reproduced, together with some official letters, sermons, and speeches delivered during the siege. The notes appended are full of valuable matter, and the book is well worth looking into by all who are interested in the history of the time. The illustrations are, too, well chosen. But the arrangement of the book is muddled; there is no proper table of contents, so that it takes some time really to discover what the volume contains. A little more sobriety in the binding of a sober historical work would have been desirable. This one has the air of a Christmas gift-book.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE RED SULTAN. By J. Maclaren Cobban. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

This tale of the remarkable adventures in Western Barbary of Sir Cosmo Maclaurin, Bart., of Monzie, in the county of Perth, brings together North and South in strange dissonance. Fez, Mequinez, the dark Moorish faces in the streets, the veiled beauties gliding along under the white glaring sun, or across the cool courtyards, and mid the oleander walks and the lemon and orange groves; everywhere the stately symbols of religion, the terrible marks of fanaticism, the muezzin calling from the minarets, "God is great. Allah Akbar! Come to prayers!"—now and yesterday, and for long, pictures of these will stir the mystery and the romance in us. There is no better background left in the world for a romance. Loti penetrated the mysteries of Fez in Arab disguise, taking on himself not the garb merely, but the habit of thought of the Oriental mind. He felt that he was no stranger. Mr. Maclaren Cobban, on the other hand, in choosing Barbary for a background has aimed rather at showing its characteristics by introducing strong contrasts. The hero, whom he sends to the strange country, is a young Scot, an Aberdonian, a man of peace and much caution. Lorimer and Kiamil Basha, the other Scots, are also skilfully made use of to throw into relief the dark and noble Moorish figures.

It is a story of adventure, but not mainly so, for the character of Muley Yezeed, the Red one, is the centre of interest; the cross of Irish and Moor in his blood makes the tragedy of the life of this Sultan's heir. The cautious, but impressionable young Scot fell under the spell of his personality; for no less real than the bloody executioner, the mad fanatic of his later irresponsible days was Muley, the gallant soldier, the graceful poet, the charming companion of earlier years. Mr Cobban has attempted a difficult task, the combination of a story of adventure with a psychological study. But he has not failed, and we follow Cosmo with interest from the time he sees the snake-juggler in the Gallow gate of Aberdeen till he settles down after his Barbary wanderings, to look after his newly acquired estates in Monzie. And what is more, we accept his reading of the Red one's strange complex character, and look on with Cosmo's eyes of pity at his destiny.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. Mrs. Alexander. (Cassell & Co.)

Mrs. Alexander's little novel is an unusually good example of the kind of fiction which is, most fortunately, by no means rare. It is a simple, credible, interesting story, whose hero and heroine are not only irreproachable, but pleasant to read about. There are also villains who threaten real evil, and are felt as the source of actual and pressing danger, while nothing forced or melo-dramatic about them interferes with the illusion. The tale is well arranged

within its own limits; it begins where it should, and ends where it should. The reader feels that the authoress has kept her subject well in hand, and has understood the right way to present it. Myra Dallas, a girl whose parents were not married till shortly before her birth, is supposed to be illegitimate, and is treated as a miserable incumbrance by the widow of her father's brother, to whose protection she has been left. This widow, a half caste Anglo-Indian woman—whose character is an admirable study of the drawing-room adventuress—suddenly gets at the truth and conceals it, while trying to induce the girl, by fair means or foul, to marry her only son, Myra's proved legitimacy having made her an heiress. The son who is in love with her is a most objectionable youth. In the end Myra escapes this 'Snare of the Fowler,' but not without some well-told and exciting episodes. She marries the only man who befriended her during her troubles, and for whom a pretty and true love, not unreturned, has grown up in her heart. There are a few faults in the book. Myra's flight from home, for good reason, is followed by an unexplained lack of appreciation on her own part of how strong the motives for this step really were. The conversation of the male characters is rather affectedly bluff, virile, and *sans façon*, even when they are talking to ladies, with here and there a slight effeminate slip into stage language. There is one little flaw in the tale-telling. A gentleman who has taken trouble to study the certificate of the heroine's birth, as told on page 426, forgets on page 437 that he knows that she has a year to wait for her majority. Several minor characters are admirably and convincingly put forward, and the whole story is told, not only well, but with delicacy and dignity.

SWEETHEART GWEN. By William Tirebuck. (Longmans.)

A story by the author of 'Dorrie' is something to be curious about, for whatever 'Dorrie' was or was not, at least it was the writer's very own. Mr. Tirebuck is a writer with individuality. The manifestations of this are not always pleasant. They were not in 'Dorrie.' But there is a certain bewitchment which he can create, a light and a gaiety, amid which you seem to see the pulling and tweaking of elves, and which do not rightly belong to life under our grey skies. Gwen is not such a creation as Dorrie. She is meant to have all Dorrie's sprightliness and fascination and to be much more virtuous. But she does not convince us absolutely on either of these points. On the other hand, the setting of the story is charming, the quiet Welsh farm, with its dairy and duck pond, its large cool kitchen, and the good Welsh folks with their warm hearts and grotesque speech. Gwen is a farmeress, and as she has cows and land, and goodness, and beauty, of course she has lovers as well. But her heart was early given to her cousin, Iwan Wynn, and he, poor lad, dies of consumption. Over his sufferings a veil is drawn: you hear Gwen's weeping, but that is all. Elias, another lover, though she humiliates him, has the luck in the end, but that has nothing to do with the story. She is 'Sweetheart Gwen' for Mark only, but always for him, to this day even, for she went out of his life when he was but fifteen. When he was a town-bred baby of five she had taken him to her heart, and in ten years he went through all possible phases, from exacting childish affection to conscious love, he assures us. And there he remained, and his dream of her makes the world unreal. Some of this boyish idyll is pretty, and some of it is not. One feature that does not allow itself to be over-looked is the loud-sounding and continuous embrassade, which goes on with a certain monotony from the first page to the last. The humour of the book never fails when Felicity Robartch is made responsible for it. There is genius in the creation of this hard-featured, awkward-minded, ungainly-souled good woman, whose tactless mistakes wring out from her in delicious broken English such laments as "Aren't I sorrow to the very thoughts of my own grave?"

THE GREAT CHIN EPISODE. By Paul Cushing. (A. and C. Black.)

Chin is an interesting spot in rural England. First of all it is decayed; then it is pertinaciously moral. It has great natural beauty, and its inhabitants are not ordinary persons. Suddenly its stillness is broken by a crime. The Squire is found dead. He committed suicide, said the jury at the inquest; but the wise folks shook their heads. One of the important villagers is an ex-detective, who, of course, has theories, very stupid theories, about the crime. The unprofessional minds that give themselves to the investigation have fresher, more unconventional ideas. One of these amateurs is the Squire's disinherited nephew, a gallant major who had distinguished himself at Raj-oo-Beej, and who comes to his late uncle's house in the guise of a butler. The graces, the talents of Emiline Knivett, the late Squire's protegée, and now the owner of the property, all make it ridiculously impossible that she should have had anything to do with the crime. But, alas, the sharp amateurs find first one link, and then another, of evidence against her, and together they are damning. The ex-detective is, of course, not on her scent at all, but Major Quarry, *alias* Ditchen the butler, fascinated as he partly is by Emiline, is forced to close in the terrible mesh about her—all the more terrible as she has fallen in love with him, recognising he is a gentleman in disguise. You watch how Mr. Cushing, or Ditchen, tracks her beyond hope of escape, and all the time you have the clearest conviction that the amateur detectives have muddled, that the ex-professional will reach the truth in the end, and that Emiline will be declared guiltless—of the crime at least. She was not otherwise an attractive young woman. Besides Emiline's melancholy affection there is another hesitating love story, but the end of it we have to make for ourselves. Mr. Cushing's is no doubt a very good way of telling a story: there is piquancy about it. The book is a clever one, and the only objection to be offered is that the straining after originality is hardly concealed at all.

PARSON JONES. By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. (Griffith and Farran.)

Miss Florence Marryat has forsworn for the space of a novel, her late researches into the domain of the spiritual, and a good many other things too which we are accustomed to look for in her stories. It is doubtful whether she should be congratulated, for there is indeed a cloying domesticity about 'Parson Jones.' The cutting up of little Hughie's meat, and Owen's third helpings to pudding, were matters of first importance to Parson Jones, but then the reader cannot be expected to share his paternal solicitude. Jones is a big, dull, good-natured Welshman, who should have been a farmer, but his excellent mother made him a parson. When he is no longer very young, he finds that his profession does not suit him, also he hears from Ernest Solun, a literalist, that the Church of England is not what its founder intended it to be. He discovers, too, that Selina, his wife, is not a goddess, but that a goddess does exist. In these trying circumstances Jones behaves like a brave man. There is nothing sordid, and nothing violent in the story. Selina never knows of his heart's defection, and the ecclesiastical difficulties are arranged satisfactorily. The story has excellent points, but the bovine qualities of Selina, and of her husband too for that matter, exert a sleepy influence over its readers.

GRISLY GRIZELL. By C. M. Yonge. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Miss Yonge is here on her best ground, that of historical romance. The story is one that will find its way to the schoolroom, to brighten up the text-books' dull chronicle of the Wars of the Roses. But there is enough human interest and genuine pathos in it to entice other readers too. Grizell, when a fair child, was betrothed to Leonard Copeland, and they were educated together under a great nobleman's roof. Leonard by accident explodes a barrel of gunpowder when she is standing by, and Grizell's beauty is gone for ever. The match is broken off, and a convent gives a refuge for a time from her mother's harsh tongue, and from the outspoken candour on the wreck of her looks which the manners of the time permitted. The fortune of war, however, brings Leonard into the power of her parents. He is forced to marry Grizell, but the ceremony over, he sets spurs to his horse and is off. Years pass bringing misfortune to both of them, but she finds opportunities for serving him in secret, and in the end, of course, wins his repentance and his love. Her scarred face seems then to him her chief ornament. There is good work in the story, something of the true historic spirit, though that is of small account to story readers. And Miss Yonge's tone is always more robust when she wanders outside our own times.

MR. TOMMY DOVE, and other Stories. By Margaret Deland. (Longmans.)

Mrs. Deland has travelled a long way since 'John Ward Preacher.' Her work has gained immensely in breadth since that. At present, though the amount she has produced be small, she must be reckoned among the very best of the American writers of fiction. Her knowledge of life in its outward manifestations may be narrow, to judge from her subjects and the area in which her characters move, but her knowledge of the human heart is wide enough and of a very fine and subtle kind. The 'Story of a Child,' published here not a year ago, was in its way masterly. There was no false idealism, yet a real living reproduction of that world, not ours, in which children, even matter-of-fact ones, live. The present volume is made up of five stories, very unequal in merit. Each of them shows her peculiar qualities, her ability of finely reading motives, of watching the life that stirs under quiet surfaces. But 'Elizabeth,' and 'At Whose Door?' are not beyond the force of a great many writers of experience and sympathy. There is but one masterpiece, the first, "Mr. Tommy Dove," but one thing so good is much. The personages, Mr. Tommy, the Temples, Jane, and Effie, are old friends, but we never knew them so well before. Mr. Tommy, in moments of madness, dreams that Jane may be his wife—Jane the sister of the stately Henry Temple, the clever man of family and of the world. He does not hope for this happiness, but he has wild visions of it. Jane, the dull, poor-spirited, but most gentle drudge of an exacting household, thinks her wish a wicked one, that Mr. Tommy may take her away to what she has never yet had, a life of her own. But a snub from Henry Temple, the cool, effectual, well-aimed snub of a man of the world, ends Tommy's dream. The description of his return to his dull, uncared for, ugly home, where he sits with his disappointment till the white dawn of the morning, is nearly as perfect as could be imagined. "The Face on the Wall," the study of an artist's temperament, a repulsive enough temperament too, is less good, but it is almost redeemed by the character of Annie, the artist's wife, who has severed herself from every early tradition of her peaceful, orderly, convent-like home, to cling with passionate belief to her drunken genius of a husband.

A FATHER OF SIX. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

This is another depressing page of Russian life. Perhaps the melancholy circumstances of any country always seem disproportionately melancholy to another. But there is a certain tone of misery which is especially Russian, and Russians know so well how to express it without evident exaggeration, that there is no escape from its disspiriting influence by denying its reality. 'A Father of Six' is a tale of a hopeless struggle with poverty. Father Anton, as a sub-deacon, has a miserable pittance to live on and provide for his dying wife and his six lusty children. He should be ordained a priest, but he has no influence, little personal dignity, only his good service in the parish to speak for him, no money to bribe officials. And his bishop, rolling in wealth and luxury, and out of touch with life, refuses him promotion from a mere caprice. But Anton's consumptive wife has in her the remains of greater force of purpose. As a widower he will never be ordained priest, and her children will starve. So she inspires him with a desperate courage, which is not his own, to go and claim priesthood from the bishop. This he does with an insistence, a vehemence, altogether alien to his nature, and which is very unbecoming in the bishop's sacred precincts. Passion gained what his patient service would never have done, and he went back a priest to the six. Their mother was already beyond the need of the comforts he could now give her. The story is not very perfect in manner, but it reflects human suffering so genuinely that its melancholy settles on us none the less.

JOEL MARSH: An American, and other Stories. By Avey Macalpine. (Ward, Lock.)

Curiously enough the first of these American stories has a similar motive. Eaton is the victim of a change of political administration. His law practice went when he undertook to be postmaster, and it did not return when he was ejected from the position. He is no "father of six," for his children have died one by one, but the consumptive wife and the poverty are the same. Joel acts as a kind of uncouth and comical Providence. He has a heart of gold, and staves off evil days by paying fifty dollars for having his will made, and by buying the Eatons' "pianner," a most unsuitable purchase so far as he is concerned. After wire-pulling incessantly he gains for Eaton a legal post in the new administration, but the wife is gone before the good news arrive. The story is told with much less skill than the Russian one of which it reminds us. Indeed, there is not much skill in the book at all, though there are several good subjects and situations. The story of Silvaine, the heroine, whose long years of devotion were recognized by the Prix de Vertu, he calls an etching. It is not an etching. It is drawn with no fine tools, but if it be only washed in, it is a moving story for all that.

THE DICTATOR. By Justin McCarthy. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

'The Dictator' is a well-bred novel. It reads like fallings from the dinner-tables of cultivated circles. There is heroism in it, sympathy with noble causes, enthusiasm, and adventure, but all filtered through the atmosphere of London, W. and S.W. Through all the three volumes, Ericson, the ex-Dictator of a South American Republic, never goes to Gloria. When first you meet him he has just returned. When you part from him he is just going back again to take his chance of saving Gloria or being shot. So the muskets fire a long way off, and faintly; and though nearly all the characters are heroes and heroines of an altogether uncommon kind, we see them rarely hot and flurried, but calmly resting on their laurels and dreaming of fights to come. There is one exciting episode, it is true, in volume three, the conspiracy against the life of the Dictator, which has a tragic ending for unimportant personages. But although a villain's head is blown off by dynamite, and the Foreign Secretary's secretary is killed, the calm spirit of the Dictator rules even at this crisis, and the placid atmosphere of the well-regulated country house is less agitated than you might suppose. The conspirators redeem the book from the reproach of a slight want of originality. They are altogether original these ruffians from Gloria, who come masquerading to London in the guise of Yankee professors, devoted to the science of folk-lore. Perhaps the story is not a very strong one; but it has an atmosphere, an atmosphere of pleasantness. The pleasantness is not merely on the surface. It is all about the roots. And when you have read to the end you will feel that life, though it be passed on the brink of a volcano, is a much more genial and amiable thing than you were inclined to think before you read 'The Dictator.'

THE SLOWLY GRINDING MILLS. By Mrs. Linnæus Banks. 3 vols. (Griffith and Farran.)

Good and evil have their due rewards in this north country story. Nicholas Bromley, perhaps modelled on one of Dicken's villains, is a scheming lawyer's clerk, who gets one of his master's clients into his power. She is a weak, kindly woman, to whom business comes hard. Her husband is dead, her son still at school. Bromley makes himself necessary to her, wins her foolish heart, and becomes master of her household and fortune. It is for him and his wretched accomplice that the mills of God grind slowly and exceeding small, but we knew from the beginning that his peculiar crimes were bound to be avenged, and, though it is no business of ours, we cannot help wondering why the novelist did not turn aside from his assured doom to develop the history of his victim more effectively. She has no sins but weakness, and for that her punishment begins early. The tyrant forces her to secret drinking, drives her from his house, and in the end murders her. Since Bromley and his plans existed, her fate is inevitable, but it is not given the appearance of inevitability. It is treated as a mere incident in a crowded novel, while to many readers it will form the chief interest, more absorbing than the career of the poker-like hero, Norman, for instance. 'The Slowly Grinding Mills' is a good story, much better written than are most stories, though too profuse in italics. Only, Mrs. Banks conceived a tragedy, and just when the solemn part should be reached we are too much distracted by the jangling of wedding-bells.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. J. P.—A very good subject. The subject would do for a popular story magazine, but it is not nearly well enough written. Perhaps you are accustomed to write in a foreign language. It almost reads like it. One renders, "not surrenders" an account. "Sword" or "bayonet" would be better than steel. Look at p. 3, lines 1, 2, and 10. "Cast forth upon the sea of life in a country, etc.," sounds mixed. You evidently need to read a great deal more, the best you can find, till your ear and vocabulary gain certainty.

ALASTAIR.—They are promising. Correct quantity of last line but two in I. II. is less good. The poetical impulse is there, but the thoughts are not expressed, nor adequately suggested. III. you might make into a pretty lyric. The first stanza is good, but stanzas 3 and 4 are poor.

BROWNIE.—Fair. Why have the violets "breath unkind"?

C. L. F.—It is at least poetical, if it is not poetry. The chief defects are a want of a definite plan of construction, which in a poem of the length of yours is serious, and the too frequent use of conventional language like "Empyreal sovereign, hail! I love thee well." There are passages which show you can write with well-chosen words of your own. "Auroral glimmerings of the dawn" is bad, of course. Once or twice you echo Keats—rather too rich and ornate a model for one who has not learnt the force of simplicity. The verses have promise.

DE AULA.—Pretty in a quite commonplace way. But the tone is so gentle and refined that the story was worth while writing. And this kind of fiction is the staple food of so many young persons, that there is a market for it, but only to a limited extent in periodicals. There is a grammatical mistake in paragraph 1, and the crusty bachelor's solitude must have been merely "broken into," not "broken up," else he would have turned still crustier.

D. M. B.—Very glad the rondel was accepted. One poem you send is very good, "Soliloquy," though the beginning hardly does the middle verses justice. "Turn, etc.," and the flower song are both good, but not very individual. The last verse of the autumn one is unworthy of the rest, and "Purple the heather—now," is vague and poor. The "Pictures," except No. 1., seem less good. Have I not seen these before? I hope you may have luck with some of this packet.

E. M. D.—Very poor. Dont write verse.

ETHELON.—Fair. Very good idea in it. The pictures are hardly picturesque enough. Keep it by you, and make it better, good enough to offer as tribute to its inspirer. Line 1 of last stanza good, but there are not many lines in the poem so direct and apt. What are the dangers meant in stanza 1? The literal and metaphorical meanings do not coincide.

FARO.—Too much introduction for the size of it. The subject, the description of feelings and impressions rather than of definite objects, is evidently as yet too difficult for you. Go on, but try simple things till your hand is more practised. And make short sentences.

F. F.—Such details as you mention would not stand in the way of a writer whose work was good. Of course legible handwriting is important. As to your paper, "created," p. 1, should be "roused." Which is "the wrong side of twenty"? The paper is too slight to be of much use. It grapples with nothing. Even for a short newspaper article it should contain much more matter. You have not a grip of English, but it may come with practice in writing and reading. "Polished periods," "staggering pens," etc., etc., betray a very uncertain hand.

FRANCIS VILLON.—You are more on the right track now, which should be consoling. The sketch is very faulty, however. You were evidently not clear in your mind as to what you meant to put into it. Leave out all the preliminary apology. "Neighbourhood" is better than "vicinage." "In the advancement of night" is incorrect. "Stood to it," p. 2 means, I suppose, "stood looking at it," Your prepositions are very loosely used. "Even with," p. 4 should be "for" or "to." The whole sentence is faulty. To "give" is better than to "render" a reason. But what takes one's breath away is that the sentiment roused by the prospect of a beautiful island "is as widespread as eating beef." Such an audacity is not justified, and such a failure of judgment calls for a still closer companionship with good books.

G. H. W.—The subject forbids the idea that you mean this in joke. But it is hard to get over the first four lines. What has Athena, "pure and chaste as the diamond brilliants in the Crown of State," to do with the matter? Don't write verse; but to appreciate other people's verse, you should learn what metre means.

HAWTHORN.—Evidently a most popular form of writing among young authors, but I have never found it popular with readers. It is a poor exercise, except in the elementary principles of composition, as it wants so very little thought or planning. You might turn it into verse; that would be a better test of your powers.

H. E. E.—Not promising. The metre is all wrong, and there is not much in the thought or imagery of the verse.

H. J. B.—Fair. Why not "hearts," since you mean to translate "corda." You seem to be in doubt, and change from "thee" to "you" frequently. The metre is pretty, the thought a little commonplace.

HURRY.—Hearty congratulations on your success. The poem is good in parts, but it is not yet made. I find it difficult to follow the story without re-reading it several times. The first few verses are the best, though "the city smuts" are difficult to swallow.

LEX.—Not good. The subjects want simple—to quote yourself—"domestic" treatment. One can hardly recognise the little creatures you describe in such pompous language. In No. 1, you address your object with unnecessary and prejudicial candour in the first line. "Mammon-hue," is surely not descriptive of "canary-colour." A sonnet is too stiff a form for you to treat such light subjects.

MONTMORENCY.—Not bad at all, but very elliptical. Don't have too much faith in a reader's interpretation of dashes and broken-off sentences. This last sketch is far from commonplace; it is ambitious, which is good; but do something better before you attempt publishing.

N. E. W.—Rather jingling verse, and the rhymes have evidently dictated the meaning sometimes. The last line of verse 1 does not ring true. Fear was the last thing you should have suggested under the circumstances. Metre very poor in verse 3.

O. A.—The colliery one is good, but there is something wanting in stanza beginning "Women in wild," etc. The first verse of the other is good, the description of the dawn. The rest is much inferior. The invitation to work is too vague. It sounds empty. It has the effect of a peroration which has not been led up to by solid matter.

ONE OF THE MERE VERSE MAKERS.—Your enthusiasm is capital, and the study is an interesting one. But don't try to publish it. The thinking is too immature. I would suggest your altering "very clearly" on page 1, for the sake of the meaning. The reasoning and the language are both muddled (p. 2), "I think we should," etc. There is also a doubtful statement in the next paragraph, and a fallacy (p. 3), "Byron insists," etc.; for the "normal condition" of the better poet may be what you mean by excitement. The criticism on "fine excess" is very heavy-handed. The last page, on the differentiation of the Arts, is not good. It is a difficult subject. The statement, about the correctness of which you ask, is accurate in the modified form in which you make it. Go on. There is a genuine effort at thinking in your paper, and that is always promising.

R. B. M.—This is teaching style, not literary. Addressed to a simple audience, it would probably be very effective, though it would be more so if it were shorter. The same amount of matter might easily be put into two-thirds of the space, even allowing for necessary repetitions. On p. 8 you will find several examples of wordiness. If you think of sending it to a religious periodical, it should be very much condensed.

R. C. M.—There is some promise in your story, but it will not be fulfilled for a long time yet. The promise is in the subject and in the sentiment—not at all in the writing. You will have to begin at the very beginning, and good reading will be your best guide. You are wordy, *e.g.*, "slender and ill-filled purse." You note too many unimportant details! Don't trouble to mention lighting a cigar or ordering breakfast, unless these have something to do with the matter in hand. But the chief fault, and an altogether unliterary one, is the pomposity of the style. When you want to say "H. owned he would like to see the neighbourhood," you express it thus:—"H. admitted the presence of the inclination to view his surroundings."

G. SILLERY.—Much of it is very good criticism. The section that deals with Meredith is not so good: it is mainly made up of assertions less well supported. You could possibly achieve smart writing, but don't aim at it. There is a tendency to looseness in your style, and in these experiments, therefore, it is well to be as rigid with yourself as possible. You have the making of a writer in you, but your matter is thin as yet. A woman's journal might possibly print the criticism. I don't think any other would.

S. J. S.—Probably as good as most of the verses on the same subject will be. The best line is the one ending, "But there, enough!" Don't treat this effusion very seriously. There is plenty of time before you.

STAGE-STRUCK.—The situation is powerful, but the subject is so painful that it would want very delicate and skilful treatment. Your dialogue is crude. But the play is not very bad, on the whole.

VIVIEN.—Very carefully written. It is difficult to gather what was the order of the events in the narrative. Reflect a little more, and in time the reflections will take colour from yourself.

VATES IGNOTUS.—The verse scans, and the sentiments are praiseworthy. But I should advise you to write in prose. The Muse does not seem to have called you this time; at least, *e.g.*, "Inspiring draughts, however small, that rise, Always to meet the faithful student's eyes."

W. H. W.—Very good idea for a skit. I question if you have done well to make it so lengthy. The stories of the complainants are so long and detailed that you would want three volumes before you could give a complete idea of the work of the bureau.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BERRY, Rev. C. A.—Vision and Duty, 3/6 .....S. Low
Book of Common Prayer, Daily Offices for Morning and Evening Prayer, 3/6 .....Church Service Society
BRIERLEY, J.—From Philistia, Essays on Church and World, 3/6 J. Clarke
CHARLES, R. H., edited by.—Book of Enoch, translated from Dillman's Ethiopic Text .....Frowde
CHEYNE, T. K.—Founders of Old Testament Criticism, 7/6..Methuen
CRUTTWELL, C. T.—Literary History of Early Christianity, 21/- Griffin
EXELL, J. S.—Hebrews, Vol. II. (Biblical Illustrator), 7/6 .... Nisbet
Expositor, The, 4th series, vol. 7, 7/6.....Hodder & Stoughton
EYTON, Prebendary.—The Search for God, 3/6 .....K. Paul
[*Sermons marked by much earnestness and unusual breadth of mind. The preacher is wide awake to the questions and needs of the day, and he deals with these sympathetically but with considerable independence of thought.*]
FULLER, THOMAS.—The Marvellous Wisdom and Quaint Conceits of. By L. J. Gosset, 4/6.....Pickering
GOULD, G. M.—The Meaning and the Method of Life, a Search for Religion in Biology, 9/- .....Putnams
GREATOREX, E.—The Vision of St. John in Patmos, 2/-.....Masters
HUXLEY, T. H.—Evolution and Ethics, 2/- net .....Macmillan
[*The Romanes Lecture*, 1893. *An exceedingly interesting survey of the prospects of the moral world under modern conditions of thought, with a back look on man's career and beliefs under the earlier civilisations. Professor Huxley has added some interesting notes.*]
King, The, and the Kingdom, a Study of the Four Gospels, 4 series, 3/6 each..... Williams & Norgate
LOCKYER, T. F.—The Gospel of St. John, an Exposition, 2 6 Wes. Conf. Office
MACLAREN, A.—The Gospel of St. John, Bible Class Expositions, 3/6 Hodder & Stoughton
MURPHY, J. J.—Natural Selection and Spiritual Freedom, 5/- Macmillan
[*The most interesting part of the book is a criticism of Professor Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' Mr. Murphy states his case—which differs from Professor Drummond's not very widely, however, many will think—in a clear and vigorous way.*]
RANKIN, J.—The First Saints, 7/6 .....Blackwood
RITCHIE, D. G.—Darwin and Hegel, with other Philosophical Studies, 7/6 .....Sonnenschein
RYLEY, G. B.—Scotland's Free Church, a Historical Retrospect of the Disruption, 10/6 .....Constable
SALTER, W. M.—First Steps in Philosophy, Physical and Ethical, 2/6 Sonnenschein
SINCLAIR, Archdeacon.—Sacred Studies, or Higher Religious Education, 9d. ....E. Stock
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STRANGE, Rev. C.—Victories of Faith .....Cornish, Birmingham
[*The most powerful sermons in the volume are those dealing with the difficulties of the Athanasian Creed.*]
STUBBS, C. W.—Christ and Economics, 3/6 .....Isbister
[*An interesting volume of sermons, intended "to bring civic duty and service, and trade and labour ethics more closely into touch with Christian life and feeling." The writer adds a well-selected list of books, which he recommends to students of economics and Christian sociology.*]
WARLEIGH, H. S.—Genesis in advance of Present Science, 4/6 Fayster

NEW EDITIONS.

CALTHROP, G.—In Christ, and other Sermons .....Stock
[*These sermons of Prebendary Calthrop, now in their second edition, are published for the benefit of the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution. Several of the sermons have special reference to the Jews, their religion, prospects, and conversion to Christianity.*]

FICTION.

A. B.—A Romance of Bureaucracy. "Indian Railway Library," 1/- W. Scott
[*A clever story of Indian life. The sensational incidents are woven together with skill, so as to give them an air of reality. There is more ability in the story than one generally expects to find in railway literature.*]
BANGS, J. K.—Toppleton's Client, 2/- ....Osgood
BANKS, Mrs. G. L.—The Slowly Grinding Mills, 3 vols, 31/6 ...Unwin
[*See p.* 123.]
BACHELOR, ABBOTSFORD.—But; a Domestic, 1/- .... Digby & Long
[*The adventures of a bachelor left in charge of children. The melancholy of the situation is reflected in the desperate humour of the narrative.*]
BENSON, E. F.—Dodo. 2 vols., 21/-.....Methuen
BRADDON, M. E.—All along the River, 3 vols, 31/6 .....Simpkin
BRAMSTON, M.—The Wild Lass of Estmere, and other Stories..Seeley
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[*The heroine would wed a soldier, and she had a very bad time of it with him in "gay continental cities." But he is finally disposed of, and she marries again—stipulating that their honeymoon shall not be spent in "gay continental cities," but in Scotland or the Lakes The reader leaves them just when their existence promises to be very dull.*]
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[*See p.* 121.]
COLERIDGE, C. R.—Truth with Honour, 3/6 .....Innes
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CROMMELIN, M.—For the Sake of the Family, 3/6..... Remington
CROSS, M. B.—Saffron Robe, 3 vols., 31/6.....Hurst & Blackett
CUSHING, P.—The Great Chin Episode, 5/-.....A. & C. Black
[*See p.* 122.]
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[*See p.* 123.]
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KENNARD, Mrs. A.—Diogenes' Sandals, 3/6 ..... Remington
KIPLING, R.—Many Inventions, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*See p.* 113.]
LANGBRIDGE, F.—Miss Honoria. "Tavistock Library" ..F. Warne
[*An Irish story, full of pathos and insight into character. In Miss Honoria herself the writer has made an unusually fine study of a woman's nature.*]
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MCCARTHY, J.—The Dictator, 3 vols, 31/6 .....Chatto & Windus
[*See p.* 123.]
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PARKER, G.—Mrs. Falchion, 2 vols., 21/-.....Methuen
PAYN, J.—Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones, 2/-Chatto & Windus
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SHARP, L.—From Whose Bourne, etc. ..... Chatto
[*Three stories, two of them good. The first one, that of the man who had consciousness after death of what befel his wife, is not very pleasant, but 'A Day's Courtship' and 'The Heralds of Fame' are very cheerful and amusing.*]
SPENCE, H. D. M.—Amos Obadiah, 15/- .....K. Paul
STEPHEN.—The Princess's Private Secretary, 6/-.....Digby & Long
[*Translation of an Italian novel by A. G. Barrili, by "His Honour Judge Stephen." "His Honour" has turned the Italian into very fair English, but the fortunes of the Princess and her Private Secretary are not very interesting. The romance is heavy reading. There is, however, at least a little weight in the heaviness.*]
WARDEN, F.—A Passage through Bohemia, 3 vols., 31/6 Ward & Downey
WATERHOUSE, Mrs.—For Marjory's Sake, 2/6..... Digby & Long
[*A brightly written story of South Australian country life.*]
WHITLEY, B.—In the Suntime of her Youth, 3/6 ....Hurst & Blackett
WIGGIN, K. D.—Story of Patsy, 2/6 .....Gay & Bird

NEW EDITIONS.

BLACK, W.—Judith Shakespeare, A Romance, 2/6.....S. Low
[*We are glad to see this pretty story, the romance of the great player's daughter, published in popular form.*]
CLARKE, M.—Chidiock Tichbourne..... .....Eden, Remington
[*A tale of the sixteenth century, and of the great Catholic conspiracy. The style is just a trifle stilted, but the story is a good one.*]
CRAWFORD, F. M.—The Three Fates, 3/6 ....Macmillan
FRANCIS, M. E.—Whither.....Griffith & Farran
[*The story is crude and ill-finished, but it shows distinct promise, and contains an interesting picture of an English Catholic community.*]
MARRYAT, F.—There is no Death, 2/-.....Griffith & Farran
[*A story of spiritualism is always popular, and this story has been especially so. Miss Marryat writes with much conviction, and the*

conclusion her investigation has led her to is certainly comforting. In this new edition she addresses a word to her many correspondents.]

MARRYAT, F.—The Risen Dead, 3/6.....Griffith & Farran

NISBET, H.—The "Jolly Roger," 2/- ..... Digby & Long

[*Third edition of a capital story for boys of sea heroes and pirates.*]

SCOTT, Sir W.—The Bride of Lammermoor, Dryburgh Edition, 5/- Black

[*The illustrations to this volume—No. 9 of the Dryburgh Edition—are by Mr. John Williamson. The volumes, in type, notes, and illustrations, continue to be, on the whole, very satisfactory.*]

SWAN, A. S.—Aldersyde, 1/- .....Oliphant

[*This charming story of Scottish life is reissued in a very convenient shape in Oliphant's Pocket Novel Series.*]

Tim, 3/6.....Macmillan

[*Popular edition of a very pretty and touching story. It just quivers at times on the edge of the maudlin, but it keeps always on the right side.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

AIZLEWOOD, J.—Echo and Narcissus, 2/6 .....K. Paul

Anne Boleyn: A Historical Drama, in Five Acts .....Marsden

[*The care bestowed on the imitation of an Elizabethan turn of phrase has somewhat sapped the life of this praiseworthy attempt at a historical drama. There are passages in it that prove that the author has the dramatic instinct, but the effort to keep up the echo of the mighty line is as yet too much for him.*]

Common Room Carols, and other Verses and Parodies, chiefly relating to Oxford, by M. T. P., 2/6 .....Alden

COOPER, R.—A Forest Poem, 6d. .....Stott

[*This well-intentioned doggerel seems to have for its subject the advisability of cultivating the soil and planting trees.*]

Dante's Comedy, Pt. I., Hell, rendered into English by Sir E. Sullivan, 4/6 .....E. Stock

Dog, The, in British Poetry, edited by R. M. Leonard, 3/6..... Nutt

FINCK, H. T.—Wagner and his Works, 2 vols, 21/- .....Grevel

FORD, R.—The Harp of Perthshire, a Selection of Songs, 7/6 A. Gardner

GOODCHILD, J. A.—Lyrics, 5/-.....H. Cox

[*The best of these lyrics are so good—so genuine and unaffected—that the worst—they are mostly the patriotic ones—make us marvel at the lack of judgment that included them in the volume. Still they serve to show up 'St. Laterin' and a few others which are certainly much above the average.*]

GRAHAM, J. C.—Songs, Measures, Metrical Lines, 5/-..... K. Paul

GRUCHY, A. de.—Under the Hawthorn, and other Verses, 5/- E. Mathews

[*See p.* 121.]

HEAD, N.—Mabel, a Tale of Filial Love .....Ward, Lock

[*This moral story in verse—the scene is first Australia and afterwards London—seems dull at a first glance. That impression is not borne out by further reading. What, for instance, could be livelier and more picturesque than*

> *"But to thy theme, thou most digressive Muse,*
> *Thy spirit, touched, unconsciously doth ooze:*
> *Close by the dwelling, lounging on a log,*
> *A hoary savage rests, near him a dog"?*]

Irving, Henry, a Record of Twenty Years at the Lyceum, by P. Fitzgerald, 14/- .....Chapman & Hall

Jester, The, Words by J. E. Parrott, Music by R. Dunstan, 2/- Hughes

Jonson, Ben, Works, edited by Nicholson, vol. 1, 2/6.....Unwin

KNIGHT, M.—Shakespeare's Hamlet, Interpreted, 3/-..... Jarrold

LE GALLIENNE, R.—Poems of Arthur Hallam, 5/-....Elkin Mathews

MACKIE, G.—Poems Dramatic and Democratic .....Stock

[*Mr. Mackie has evidently read much and felt a good deal. And he has considerable vigour of utterance. The 'Democratic Chant' is rather wordy and frothy, but it has a fine sound. The dramatic poems that have Keats and Chatterton for their themes touch often on the commonplace, but in some of the shorter lyrical pieces, the writer proves himself a poet.*]

PARSONS, E.—Tennyson's Life and Poetry; and Mistakes Concerning Tennyson, 1/- .....Author, Chicago.

[*A short life of Tennyson for American readers, with a chapter noting and correcting various blunders that have been made, especially concerning Tennyson's biography. Two useful sections are the list of titles and dates of first publication of all Tennyson's books, and the list of foreign translations of his poems.*]

ROBINSON, A. M. F.—Retrospect, and other Poems, 3/6 .....Unwin

[*See p.* 118.]

RUSSELL, R.—Break of Day, and other Poems, 3/6 .....Unwin

[*See p.* 121.]

Seven Songs to Sing, edited by H. Boulton, 6/-.....Leadenhall Press

Shakespeare, the Works of. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Vol. ix., 10/6.....Macmillan

[*This volume—containing Pericles, Venus and Adonis, the Poems, Sonnets, and reprints of the early quartos—completes this scholarly and from every point of view admirable edition of Shakespeare.*]

THACKWELL, W.—Thoughts in Song, 2/6.....Purcell

WALKER, T. A., translated by, The Odes and Carmen Seculare of, in English Verse .....Stock

[*Very fair verse, and a faithful translation. A very creditable rendering, on the whole.*]

WEALL, S.—The House of Omri. Pt. II., the Sons of Ahab ..Stock

[*This second part—the first was Elijah, the third will be the Levites—keeps up a high level of good verse throughout. The treatment of the subject is dignified and vigorous, and there are many striking and picturesque passages.*]

WILLEBY, C.—Masters of English Music, 5/-.....Hall

NEW EDITIONS.

Legend of Maandoo, The .....K. Paul

[*The Legend of Maandoo, the ruined Moslem capital of Malwa, is not a new poem. It first appeared in 1841, printed in great part from memory, as the MS. was lost. It was saved from the plunder of Herat, however, and is now, after all this time, still a favourite of its author, who reprints it. The history of the MS. is more interesting than the poem, which is grandiose and dull, and requires the elucidation of too many footnotes.*]

Longfellow's Ballads, Lyrics, and Sonnets, Golden Treasury Series, 2/6 net .....Macmillan

[*Contains the essence of Longfellow's sweetness and melody, and this reprint comes seasonably to remind us how sweet and melodious he is.*]

MACKAY, E.—Love Letters of a Violinist. Canterbury Poets, 1/- W. Scott

[*Some new lyrics have been added to this popular edition of a remarkable series of poems.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

Annual Summaries from the *Times*, 1851-1875, 3/6.....Macmillan

[*An excellent reference book, which journalists and politicians will know how to appreciate.*]

ASHBY, I.—William Allen, 1/-.....E. Hicks, jun.

[*The life of William Allen, scientist, Quaker, philanthropist, traveller, is told here with great simplicity, but much effectiveness. Allen was of the very best type of philanthropist, and his life is an interesting commentary on the late years of last century and the first half of this. The "Friends Biographical Series" deserves success.*]

BARTHOLOMEW, J. G.—The Tourists' Atlas Guide to the Continent of Europe, 5/- ..... Philip

BERNSTEIN, E.—Ferdinand Lassalle, a Social Reformer, 2/6 Sonnenschein

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BIRD, H. E.—Chess History and Reminiscences, 2/6.....Dean

BOULGER, D. C.—Short History of China, 12/6.....W. H. Allen

CAINE, Rev. C.—The Martial Annals of the City of York, 15/...Clark

CARLYLE, Rev. G.—A Memoir of Adolph Saphir, D.D., 4/6....Shaw

[*Adolph Saphir, the Christianised Jew, was a man of remarkable attainments and great beauty of character. Mr. Carlyle has told the story of his conversion, his studies in Scotland, and his ministry in this country in a sympathetic and interesting fashion.*]

CAROE, W. D., and GORDON, E. J. A.—Selton, a Descriptive and Historical Account, 31/6.....Longmans

DOBSON, A.—Horace Walpole, a Memoir, 10/6 .....Osgood

DOWIE, M. M.—Women Adventurers, 7/6.....Unwin

[*See p.* 120].

EMERSON, P. H.—On English Lagoons, 7/6 ..... Nutt

FERGUSON, J.—Ceylon in 1893, 7/6.....Haddon

FRASER, Sir W.—Hic et Ubique, 3/6 .....Low

French Jansenists, by Author of Many Voices, 6/-.....K. Paul

Gautier, T., by Maxime Ducamp, 3/6.....Unwin

[*See p.* 115].

HENDERSON, T. F.—Old World Scotland, Glimpses of its Modes and Manners, 6/- .....Unwin

LESSEPS, FERDINAND DE.—The Life and Enterprise of, by G. B. Smith, 7/6

LODGE, Rev. S.—Scrivelsby, the Home of the Champions, 10/6 E. Stock

Macaulay's Warren Hastings, 2/6..... Macmillan

MACKENZIE, Sir MORELL, Physician and Operator. By Rev. H. K. Haweis, 12/6 .....W. H. Allen

POOLE, S. L.—Aurangzib (Rulers of India), 2/6 .....Frowde

RODWELL, D. C.—Old London Bridge, 2/-.....Routledge

ROPES, J. C.—Campaign of Waterloo, 12/6.....Putnams

SARCEY, F.—Recollections of Middle Life, 10/6 .....Heinemann

SHEE, W. A.—My Contemporaries, 1830-1870, 12/-...Hurst & Blackett

SWIFT, JONATHAN.—A Biographical and Critical Study by J. C. Collins, 8/-.....Chatto & Windus

TOUT, T. F.—Edward I. (Twelve English Statesmen), 2/6..Macmillan

WHITE, Rev. P.—History of Clare and the Dalcanian Clans of Tipperary, Limerick, and Galway, 10/6 .....Gill

NEW EDITIONS.

BRYCE, J.—The American Commonwealth, 12/6 ..... Macmillan

[*This third edition of Mr. Bryce's notable book has been completely revised throughout. This revision includes the reconsideration of controverted points, and qualification of some statements, as well as the bringing up to date the statistics and constitutional history.*]

FREEMAN, E. A.—History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy, 12/6.....Macmillan

[*Professor Freeman never completed his projected work, 'The History of Federal Government.' Only the first volume, dealing with Federal Government in Greece, appeared. After his death, the MS. of an additional chapter—an account of federalism in Italy—was found among his papers, and it has, along with a fragment on German Confederacy, been added to this second edition. Mr. J. B. Bury has proved himself to be a most careful editor in his revision of the work. His appendix, with observations and corrections intended to bring the subject up to date, is of real value. Mrs. A. J. Evans has prepared the Index.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Arrian's Anabasis, translated by E. J. Chinnock, 5/-..... Bell

BEDDOES, W. F.—The Law of Mortgages, 10/- ..... Stevens

BERDOE, E.—The Origin and Growth of the Healing Art, a Popular History of Medicine, 12/6 ..... Sonnenschein

BROWN, J.—Cæsar's Gallic War, Book I., 1/6 ..... Blackie

[*A very good elementary school-book. The introduction is likely to make young pupils interested in the text—a difficult thing. The map is very good, and so are the pictures of Roman soldiers, weapons, etc. The text is followed by notes, principles of Latin composition, exercises to be turned into Latin, and a vocabulary.*]

CROSS, M. J., and COLE, M. J.—Modern Microscopy, a Handbook for Beginners, 2/6 .....Baillière

DYER, H.—Science Teaching in Schools, 2/-.....Blackie

[*Mr. Dyer writes in a broad-minded, enlightened spirit, and he has some really practical advice to offer to teachers and school committees. In the appendix he gives syllabuses of scientific courses given under the London and Leicester School Boards, the curricula of the evening classes of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, and of certain Continental schools. These syllabuses and curricula are evidently not perfect, but they are eminently suggestive.*]

GALTON, F.—Blurred Finger Prints, 2/6 net .....Macmillan

[*An interesting supplementary chapter to Mr. Galton's recent book on 'Finger Prints,' suggested by the question that has been raised as to the likelihood of juries giving a verdict on the evidence of finger*

prints the impressions of which have been taken by ordinary officials.]

GARDNER, P.—Catalogue of the Greek Vases in the Ashmolean Museum, 63/- .....Oxford Univ. Press

GEIKIE, J.—Fragments of Easter Lore, 12/6 .....Bartholomew

HOPE, R. C.—Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England, 7/6 Stock

HUTCHINSON, G. W. C.—Some Hints on Learning to Draw, 8/6 Macmillan

JOHNSTON, W. J.—Elementary Treatise on Analytical Geometry, 10/6 Frowde

KILGOUR, M. H., SWAN, H., and BIGGS, H. W.—Electrical Distribution, its Theory and Practice, 10/6 .....Biggs

MILLS, L. H.—The Ancient MS. of the Yasna reproduced in Facsimile, 210/- net. .....Frowde

MORRIS, M.—Decorative Needlework, 6/-.....Hughes

New English Dictionary, edited by J. A. H. Murray, Pt. 7, 12/6 Clarendon Press

PARSONS, A.—The Liability of Railway Companies for Negligence towards Passengers, 5/-.....Cox

PASPATI, A. G.—The Great Palace of Constantinople, translated by W. Metcalf, 10/6 ..... Gardner

PHILIP, J. B.—Syllabus of Elementary Course of Botany Bisset, Aberdeen

[*Will be found useful by elementary students of botany, especially those studying for the South Kensington Examination. The arrangement of the detailed index is very clear, and likely to be an aid to memory.*]

ROBERTS, Prof.—A Short Proof that Greek was the Language of Christ, 2/6 .....Gardner

STEBBING, T. R. R.—A History of Crustacea. International Scientific Series, 5/-..... K. Paul

[*A very complete exposition of the subject. Beginners will find it a book to get systematic teaching from, and for advanced students it will be a handy reference book. The arrangement of the book is simple, and the illustrations are very good.*]

SWANN, H. K.—The Birds of London, 2/- .....Sonnenschein

WATT, W. A.—An Outline of Legal Philosophy ..... T. & T. Clark

[*An interesting book. It is written for the laity, with the intention of instructing those who would be good citizens on the principles of jurisprudence, the nature and external development of law, fundamental legal notions and their expression in codes. The main departments of modern law, are dealt with in an interesting and fairly simple fashion.*]

XENOPHON'S Anabasis, Bks. 1 and 2, an Accurate English Version, by C. S. Crooke, 2/- ..... Hall

XENOPHON'S Anabasis, Books 1 and 2, with English Notes, by A. Pretor, 4/-.....Cambridge Univ. Press

NEW EDITION.

RUSSELL, W. J.—Domestic Medicine and Hygiene, 2/- ..... Everett

[*Third edition of a useful little manual, describing the symptoms and the treatment of the more common diseases in plain language.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANSTEY, F.—Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen, 3/6.....Heinemann

ASHTON, Rev. R. S.—The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook Stock

[*Sixth edition revised of a handbook giving full information as to the Protestant churches, services, organizations, philanthropic agencies of European countries. The book also contains hints for tours "In Search of Huguenot Memories," "On the Track of the Reformers," etc.*]

BAILDON, H. B.—The Merry Month, and other pieces .....Unwin

[*Pleasant little essays on the out-of-door world in springtime, with some Travel Pictures as well—descriptions of Ober-Ammergau, Linderhof, etc.*]

BOYCE, F. B.—The Drink Problem in Australia, 3/6 Nat. Temp. League

CARRINGTON, E.—Workers without Wage, 2/6.....Griffith & Farran

[*Teachers, especially in country schools, might find this a useful reading-book for children. Its subject is the history of the ways and habits of fish and frogs, birds, ants, worms, and other familiar creatures. There are questions and answers attached to every chapter. The book is written in simple style, and its precepts of mercy are calculated to make even hardened little tyrants pause in their torturing.*]

COLLEY, A.—Domestic Economy for Students and Teachers, 2/6 A. Brown

DICEY, A. V.—A Leap in the Dark, or Our New Constitution, 3/6 Murray

DYER, T. F. T.—The Ghost World, 10/6.....Ward & Downey

EVANS, D. S.—Dictionary of the Welsh Language, vol. 1, 34/6 Spurrell

GOSCHEN, Rt. Hon. G. J.—The Cultivation and Use of the Imagination, 2/6 .....E. Arnold

GOSSE, E.—Questions at Issue, 7/6 .....Heinemann

HART, E.—Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and the New Witchcraft, 4/6 Smith & Elder

HOBHOUSE, L. T.—The Labour Movement. Reformer's Library, 3/6 Unwin

[*The writer of this book, Mr. Hobhouse, and of its preface, Mr. Haldane, are both serious-minded men, who have taken more than a mere passive interest in the subjects they speak of. They speak soberly, but with conviction, not merely as theorists, but having an eye on what is actually taking place. There is little in the book to irritate those who start with different opinions, and Mr. Hobhouse's views on the Control of Production, on Co-operation, the Distribution of Wealth, and the Liberty of the Individual deserve careful attention from all who are in any way interested in the England of to-day and to-morrow.*]

Humour of America, selected by James Barr, 3/6.....W. Scott

[*See p.* 120]

I: or the Art of Living. By a Man, 6d.....Digby & Long

[*Small thoughts on large subjects. The writer has been surveying life in modern society, and has tabulated his observations and his advice. Both can be put into small space.*]

Letters of a Portuguese Nun, translated by E. Prestage, 5/-.....Nutt

[*See page* 118.]

MAYET, P.—Agricultural Insurance in Organic Connection with Savings Banks, 10/6 ..... Sonnenschein

NYREN, J.—The Young Cricketer's Tutor, 2/6 .....Nutt

[*Mr. Charles Whibley has written a charming introduction to Nyren's 'Tutor,' one of the classics of cricket. "After sixty years and unnumbered revolutions," says Mr. Whibley, Nyren's book "is still a monument of sane criticism and vivid portraiture." The 'Tutor' contains, besides instructions in methods, a series of interesting essays on "The Cricketers of my Time."*]

O'NEILL, J.—The Night of the Gods, an Inquiry into Cosmic and Cosmogonic Mythology, vol. 1, 30/- .....Quaritch

PATMORE, C.—Religio Poetæ, 5/-.....Bell

[*See p.* 117.]

SYMONDS, J. A.—Miscellanies, selected and edited by his Son, 5/- Arrowsmith

NEW EDITIONS.

ATTWELL, H.—A Book of Golden Thoughts, 2/6 net .....Macmillan

[*Reissue of a delightful book. The thoughts are chosen from a wide field, and with much catholicity of taste and feeling. Mr. Attwell's English versions of foreign originals are compact and graceful. Most readers will feel they wish to add to it, and perhaps to weed it a little also; but there is little that is ill-chosen in the collection.*]

TAINSH, E. C.—A Study of the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, 6/- Macmillan

[*This may count almost as a new book, for it has been largely rewritten, the writer's views having been considerably modified since the book first appeared. Though conceived on a more general plan, and though having much more pretension to literary criticism, it does for Tennyson's poetry what Mrs. Orr has done for Browning's.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 15th and June 15th, 1893:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Children of the Ghetto, by Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Many Inventions, by Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Soul of Lilith, by Marie Corelli. 6s. (Bentley.)
4. Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin. 1st Series. 6s. net. (George Allen.)
5. Logic, by Minto. 4s. 6d. (John Murray.)
6. Ben Jonson. Vol. 1. (Mermaid Series.) 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

LONDON, E.C.

1. Bunyan Characters. Whyte. 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
2. Fairbairn's Christ in Theology. 12s. (Hodder.)
3. Berry's Vision and Duty. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. Jane Eyre. 2 vols. 5s. net. (Dent & Co.)
5. Cassell's Academy Pictures. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
6. Fellowship of Song, by Gale, Hayes, and Le Gallienne. 15s. net. (Mathews & Lane.)

A cloud of slackness has settled upon the book marts of the City, and really nothing is being asked for. The sixth book on our list would have been at the top, but the supply was not equal to the demand.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Ivanhoe. (Border Waverley.)
2. Royal Academy Pictures (volume).
3. Selby's Lessons of a Dilemma.
4. Ruskin's Selections.
5. Oxford Helps to Study of the Bible.
6. Mona Maclean.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. A Fellowship in Song.
2. Mr. Kipling: Many Inventions.
3. Marie Corelli: The Soul of Lilith.
4. Mr. Zangwill: Children of the Ghetto.
5. Cardinal Newman: Meditations.
6. Selections from Mr. Ruskin. Vol. I.

MANCHESTER.

1. Hardy's Novels. Cheap edition.
2. Strand Magazine Volume.
3. Oxford and Cambridge Helps to the Bible
4. Thumb Dictionary.
5. Maclaren's John.
6. Cheyne's Founders of Old Testament Criticism.

BRADFORD.

1. Many Inventions. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.)
2. Evolution and Ethics. Huxley. 2s. net. (Macmillan & Co.)
3. J. M. Barrie's Stories. 6s. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Whittier's Poems.
5. Industrial History of England. Gibbins. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
6. Lord de Tabley's Poems. 7s. 6d. net. (Mathews & Lane.

BURNLEY.

1. Andrew Fairfax, by Rev. Joseph Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.)
2. Stevenson's Island Nights. 5s. (Cassell.)
3. Rudyard Kipling's Many Inventions. 6s.
4. Cassell's Academy Pictures. 5 parts, 1s. each, also complete 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell & Co.)
5. National Gallery Pictures. 1s. net. (Pall Mall Extra.)
6. Downes' Pillars of our Faith. 4s. (Hall, Great Thoughts office.)

Business very dull because weather very bright.

TAUNTON.

1. Page's Rivers of Devon.
2. Alford's Stanhurst.
3. Badminton Cricket.

4. Kipling's Many Inventions.
5. Country Gent's Reference Catalogue.

MIDDLESBROUGH.

1. Christ in Modern Theology, by Fairbairn.
2. Soul of Lilith, by Marie Corelli.
3. Academy Pictures Vol. (Cassell.)
4. Century Dictionary. (F. Unwin.)
5. Universal Atlas. (Cassell.)
6. Faith and Criticism. (S. Low & Co.)

EDINBURGH.

1. The Free Church of Scotland, by Peter Bayne, LL.D. 6s. (T. & T. Clark.)
2. Selections from the Poems of Walter C. Smith. 3s. 6d. (Maclehose & Sons)
3. Thomas Chalmers, by Mrs. Oliphant. 5s. (Methuen & Co.)
4. Scotland's Free Church, by George Buchanan Ryley and J. M. McCandlish. 21s. and 10s. 6d. (A. Constable & Co.)
5. Many Inventions, by Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.)
6. Ivanhoe (Border edition). 2 vols. 12s. (J. C. Nimmo.)

GLASGOW.

1. Ruskin's Selections, 1st series. 6s. and 30s. (George Allen.)
2. Barrie's Books. 6s. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. A Colony of Mercy. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
4. The Stickit Minister, by S. R. Crockett. 5s. (Fisher Unwin.)
5. Kipling's Many Inventions. 6s. (Macmillan & Co.)
6. British History and Papal Claims. Rev. James Paton. 21s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

ABERDEEN.

1. Royal Academy Pictures, 1893, cloth, 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Oxford New Helps to Study of the Bible. 4s. 6d.
3. Cambridge do. do.
4. Scottish Ballad Poetry, edited by Geo. Eyre-Todd. 5s.
5. Minto's Logic. 4s. 6d. (John Murray.)
6. Stickit Minister, by S. R. Crockett. 5s. (Unwin.)

DUNDEE.

1. Haweis' Life of Sir Morell Mackenzie. 12s. 6d. (W. H. Allen & Co.)
2. Ford's Harp of Perthshire. 7s. 6d. (Alex. Gardner.)
3. Gall and Inglis' Road Maps.

Book trade very quiet here this month.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us each by a leading bookseller in the town named.

BOOKS WANTED.

Regular subscribers, whether booksellers or not, and whether receiving their copies from the publishers or not, are entitled to have the titles of six books inserted in the *Books Wanted* section, provided space admits, without charge. For every additional line 4d. will be charged. For other than subscribers there will be a uniform charge of 4d. per line. 4d. per line will be charged for announcements of *Books for Sale*.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Railway Magazine, any vols. before 1850.
Observations on a General Iron Railway, 182—.
Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers, 1843 or earlier, 5s. each offered.
Every book and pamphlet on Railways before 1850.

W. W. COBB, ATHERSTONE.

Caldecott's Toy-books, as under—
John Gilpin.
Three Jovial Huntsmen.
Fox Jumps over the Parson's Gate.
Ride a Cock Horse.
Darwin's Botanic Garden, vol. i., 4to, 1790.

ALFRED COOPER, 8, HYDE STREET, LONDON, W.C.

The Examiner, 12mo, 1712.
Notes and Queries, General Index, 3rd series.
Exquisite Magazine, any odd parts or vols.
Fencing: any books in any language.
Delolme's History of the Flagellants.
Voltaire's La Pucelle in English.

D. B. FRIEND & CO., BRIGHTON.

Samuel Cox, Private Letters of St. Paul and St. John.
G. J. Proctor, Restoration of God's Banished Ones.
Christian World Pulpits, early vols., or any numbers or parts.

GOULDEN & NYE, 61, HIGH STREET, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Devonshire Idylls.

T. HAMBLEN, LEAMINGTON.

Collingwood's Ruskin, L.P., best edition.
Hamerton's Sylvan Year, 1st edition.
" Unknown River "

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